

How To Steal From Berk

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Summary: Hiccup disappeared from Berk after the Nadder incident. Five years later Hiccup and Toothless are living a nomadic life, flying through the skies until the Berserkers captures them. Dagur makes them a deal that he will let them go if they steal the Ancient Sword of Berk, the chief's sword that have been passed down for many generations. Will they be able to do it?

1. Prologue

****Prologue ****

For once Hiccup was willingly to admit that everyone was right, he was not a Viking. He never was and never would be the Viking everyone expected him to be. He was different in every way, he saw and thought things differently. That's probably why when he shot down a Night Fury, the holy offspring of lightning and death itself, he couldn't kill it. Instead he grew curious over the creature and he named Toothless, who became his first and only best friend.

Even though he had Toothless and managed give back his ability to fly again, he couldn't continue walking around Berk acting like he belonged there. He knew it and Toothless knew it. It was hard enough that he was failing miserable in dragon training, trying with small hope to please his dad. The worst thing about it was when he was told out in public about how much of a screw-up and disappointment he was as a Viking. Astrid had told him off after she managed to save them both from the Deadly Nadder and said:

"Is this some kind of a joke to you? Our parents' war is about to become ours. Figure out which side you're on."

He already knew which side he was on, Astrid's words were only a clear reminder to his insecurity and confusion. However there was still a large part of him that was compassionate and caring towards his dad, Gobber and the rest of the village. He would still be

betraying them even if he stayed, after all he went against every tradition they have ever known and he couldn't continue lying about what is his life.

That's why he was leaving the only place he had ever known, not for the sake of keeping his dragon a secret, but to keep the people he cared for safe and happy from everything he stood for. He owned them that, after all the trouble he had caused them over the years. He owned mostly to his dad and Gobber, who always seemed to try to protect him and forced to clean up his mess every time one of his inventions or he went against orders. Despite the fact that neither of them truly understood Hiccup with his ideas and ways, he knew they loved him deeply even if they didn't show it. But right now that love wasn't enough for him anymore.

That's why during the night when every one else was asleep Hiccup began packing up. He would only bring the most necessary things with him, food, water, his tool belt and notebook, sketches of Toothless and his prosthetic and his dagger. After he had cleaned up everything he left behind two notes, one for his dad and one for Gobber, at least giving them an idea of where he was and why he left, hoping that they wouldn't worry too much. Then he and Toothless left the isle of Berk into the dark night without even taking a glance back.

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><p>Stoick the Vast was on a ship, returning back to Berk after the terrible attempt of trying to find the dragons' nest. Both his pride and respect was slightly damaged from the incident, so he was hopeful that Gobber had been more successful with dragon training. He hoped nothing had happened to his son while he was away. Who was he kidding? Something always happens when Hiccup is involved. He knew his son didn't do screw things up intentionally, but Hiccup was difficult to understand even more to keep control over. Still he loved his son every much, despite not showing it visibly. After all he was the last treasure from his long lost wife, and he was not ready to lose him to dragons or anything else.<p>

When the ship was reached the docks he knew something was wrong. Everyone that met up avoided looking at him, and they all had a sad face like someone had just died. Stoick didn't think too much of it, but when he saw that the saddest person on the docks were Gobber. He quickly began to worry. Meanwhile Gobber was staring down at his feet (or should he rather say foot plus an prosthetic foot), waiting to gather his courage to tell Stoick whatever new he had that was so horrible. Stoick jumped off the ship and walk over to Gobber. Gobber was still unwilling to tell what was going on, so Stoick took the first step and asked:

"Gobber, what going on? Is it Hiccup?"

The thought that it was something wrong with Hiccup, made Stoick worried. Had his son really died during dragon training as he had assumed he would?

"He's gone," Gobber mumbled quietly.

"What?" Stoick said baffled. "What do you mean gone?"

"He's gone Stoick, I don't know where the lad is. We have searched everywhere for him and found nothing," Gobber said exasperated. "The only thing I found was a letters, one for you and one for me."

Gobber handed me thin paper and I took it with fear of whatever was on it. I hoped to find a detailed letter with an explanation from Hiccup, something that was very typical with him, but when I began to read the letter I was saddened by its content:

Dad

_I'm sorry. First of all I want to thank you and Gobber for always protect and care for me, and I hope that you will find a better heir than me to continue keeping the village safe. Please don't try to find me. But know one thing I didn't leave because I hate you or anyone else in the village. _

_Hiccup _

For the second time in my life I felt like entire Midgard had fallen apart. My son. My sarcastic, stubborn and defiant son was gone. He left with no explanation and without telling anyone, why would he do something like this? The more I wondered the more I began to realize that I don't really know my son at all if he felt that he needed to leave Berk. Whatever the reason was I knew one thing. I would never get to see my boy again.

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**So that's the prologue of a new story, and this is my first time writing a HTTYD story so I hope you like it. Please review, follow, favorite or whatever if you want me to continue this story. I will be busy writing on my other stories, but I will finish them. **

**Yours sincerely xXrebelgirl07Xx **

2. We get captured by a lunatic tribe

**1) We get captured by a lunatic tribe **

"You want to give it another shot bud," Hiccup smiled behind his mask that covered his face. Toothless on the other hand wasn't happy about trying the suggestion again. However Hiccup reassured him that it was going to go fine, so the midnight black dragon didn't argue and let his best friend and rider slide down from the saddle in mid-air.

Hiccup and Toothless were 'goofing off' doing free flying, which normally included doing what would be considered dangerous stunts like falling in mid-air. However in order to test various inventions made by Hiccup, they needed to test them out even if they were dangerous ideas.

Toothless followed after Hiccup as he was falling down, luckily

Hiccup had made a prosthetic that Toothless could maneuver on his own, Hiccup continued to fall before spreading his arms and his outfit opens a squirrel jacket making it possible for him to glide.

"YEAH!" Hiccup shouts in excitement and happiness, Toothless follow his rider's happiness by shooting plasma blasts in the air. Hiccup managed to steer his gliding to avoid getting hit by the blasts.
"THIS IS AMAZING!"

They continued to glide until a mountain appeared on their route, and unfortunately Hiccup that he couldn't steer away to avoid crashing into the mountain. "Okay, no longer amazing! TOOTHLESS!" Hiccup yelled out for his dragon, still having time to give off a clever comment. Toothless hurried down, so he was underneath Hiccup when his rider pulled back his squirrel jacket and took his seat on Toothless's saddle. They steered away from the mountain and began flying back to their camp, both tired and happy over the day's adventures, as they liked to call it.

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><p>They were sitting near the campfire, cooking their dinners when Hiccup asked Toothless:<p>

"So bud, where do we go now?"

They have been on the move for five years now, never settling in on an island or a village they could call otherwise home. Because to Hiccup, the only home was Berk and Berk was the last place he ever could or wanted to return to. Hiccup could never return to Berk, even if he wanted to, not if it meant putting not only Toothless in danger, but himself as well knowing that he was probably branded as a traitor and outcast anyway.

Hiccup was holding his handmade map over every island that they knew and had visited. He looked over to see if his friend wanted to state his opinion on the subject, but the dragon only concentrated on scratching the itch under his armpit. Hiccup smiled over Toothless's ability to put his full attention on fish, itchy places and Hiccup, all in that order so it would seem. Still Hiccup knew that when the situation called upon it his best friend would always be there for him, which went both ways between the two of them. He patted his dragon and said, "Itchy armpit it is, and we leave in the morning."

Toothless purred as an agreement over the decision, before returning back to eating his fish. Hiccup put the map away and began eating his fish, while making small conversations with his dragon. Sure, it wasn't the same as when he interacted with humans, but he preferred Toothless's company more than human interaction. Still despite having Toothless as a companion, he couldn't help miss his dad, Gobber, Astrid and even Snotlout and the rest of the village. He often wondered if they were okay and that if they even missed him, but he quickly brushed it off. There is no way they would miss a failure and useless mistake like him, no matter if they cared about him or not. All he had was Toothless, and that was enough for the both of them.

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><p>Toothless was at his happiness when he was soaring in the sky, especially with Hiccup by his side. Today was travel-flying, meaning reaching Itchy armpit without any dangerous stunts along the way. They met many dragons along the way both in the sky and in the sea; all the dragons greeted them due to the fact that they have known each other for years as they continued on. Their flying was so relaxed and free that they didn't notice the ship that was floating on the water, waiting to shoot them down.<p>

Toothless was just about to leap down when all of a sudden a net is thrown over them. Hiccup couldn't concentrate to move Toothless's tail because he was panicking from the surprise attack, so they fell down straight into the ocean. The last thing Hiccup remembered before he lost consciousness was looking at the ship that came closer towards them and the ship distinctively looked like a berserker ship, which means they were in big trouble.

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><p>Hiccup's eyes opened fast and disoriented after remembering the berserker ship. He looked around to find himself alone in a jail cell. Where was Toothless? Was he okay or had they killed him already? No, he had to think that his friend was okay, he thought to himself as he stood up and looked around the cell and what was on the other side of the bars. Unfortunately there wasn't much to look at due to the dim lights from torches. However it didn't take long before one of the berserkers came down to pick him up.<p>

"Come on, Dagur want to see you and your dragon companion," said the berserker, before pushing Hiccup up the stairs and leading him towards the Great Hall (or at least something that could be considered the Great Hall).

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><p>It was just their luck to be captured by the lunatic tribe, who killed people and dragons for a fun without any remorse. When Hiccup entered the hall, he immediately saw Toothless chained to the floor with no possible way to escape. He was glad that Toothless was okay, for now at least, but he couldn't be sure when his attention shifted towards the leader of the berserkers. Dagur, the young leader of the Berserker tribe, was the most deranged and the biggest lunatic you could ever meet. He was just as tall as Hiccup with more muscles and small reddish brown beard. He appeared to be pleasant on most occasions, but everyone knew that it was just a ruse of his more insane and violent personality.<p>

"Ah, Hiccup. How nice to see you on my island," Dagur said with a smile, a very creepy smile you might add. "Even more with you riding on a dragon's back, more precisely a Night Fury."

"Yeah, you know. Things has changed the last couple of years," Hiccup answered, trying to act cool and relaxed even though he felt the exact opposite.

"Yes, I can see that. You're missing a leg, since the last time I saw you. What happened?"

"Emmâ€|." Hiccup wasn't sure what to say, since he had lost his left

leg after his battle with Red Death, who forced the dragons to raid the Vikings and feed her. After the battle he made himself a prosthetic, so he was still able to walk and fly Toothless. Yet he couldn't exactly tell Dagur the whole story, because he wouldn't believe Hiccup even if he had been there himself.

"Never mind. What I want to know is how you manage to control the dragon?"

Hiccup and Toothless didn't like that comment very well, so Toothless tried to bite one of the berserker's in the butt, however this proved to be very difficult since his mouth was covered. Hiccup on the other hand, refused to answer such question and instead asked:

"What is it you want Dagur?"

Dagur smiled a sinister smile before walking closer towards Hiccup, who began slowly to walk back the closer Dagur approached.

"I want you to get something for me."

Hiccup was uneasy, not just from Dagur's request, but the feeling he was having that there was something more behind the request.

"What is it you want me to get you, especially since you can't retrieve it yourself?"

"I want you to retrieve the Ancient Sword of Berk, and bring it to me."

"You want me to bring you what?!"

"The Ancient Sword of Berk, I believe you have heard of it. After all you are the heir to the Hairy Hooligans tribe, so it is an inheritance to you."

Hiccup knew exactly what Dagur was talking about; the sword had been passed down for generations to the chief of Berk. He had once seen the sword, since his dad rarely used the sword in battle. Many believed that it was handed down from Odin, the chief of the gods as well as the god of wisdom. The sword is said to be very powerful in the hands of the chief, but the sword would be totally useless if it's not in the hands of the true chief. So why would Dagur want that sword?

"But why would you want the sword, you can't use it unless you are the chief of Berk."

"That is not something you need to worry about, your duty is to retrieve the sword to me," Dagur stood five feet from Hiccup, and looked ready to pull up his dagger to slice his throat just to watch him die. However Dagur wouldn't risk killing the vessel to his plan, especially because of his reckless and violent personality.

"No, I'm not going to bring the sword to you," Hiccup refused. "Why should I even do as you say?"

"If you want to keep you and your dragon alive, then you shall do as I demand."

Why should I even bother do to so when you are going to kill me and him anyway?"

"What if I was to offer you two freedom after you retrieved it? Dagur suggested, knowing that it was an offer Hiccup couldn't refuse, especially if he wanted to spear his dragon from harm.

Hiccup didn't trust Dagur for a minute, he knew there was no way that he wouldn't let them go without being killed shortly after the deal would be fulfilled, but he couldn't let his friend be killed by Dagur's hands. He rather be dead than let anything happen to Toothless, that he promised himself when he left Berk. He would keep Toothless safe.

Hiccup looked at Toothless, who was angry and at the same time scared for the both of them. His dragon wasn't supposed to be killed by humans and he was certainly not supposed to be captured by them either. He was a free spirit, and Hiccup was even willing to go to Hel's gate just to keep his friend free and alive.

"You will let us go alive after we retrieved the sword to you," Hiccup looked into Dagur's eyes, eyes showed him both deception and murder, but he was willing to that chance for Toothless. "Do you promise me that?"

"I promise," Dagur agreed. "But if you try to escape or you do any tricks, then I will kill you and your dragon without hesitation. Agree?"

Of course there had to be a catch, Hiccup thought. But that doesn't matter; he had to do this for Toothless, even if his dragon would never forgive him for what he had done.

"Fine. We'll do it."

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**New chapter, I hope you like it. I had some trouble getting the story going, but it seemed to work somewhat. Thank you for your reviews, follows/favorites. I will update as soon as I can.
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xXrebelgirl07Xx

3. Our welcome party

2) Our welcome party is to be sent to the arena

To say Toothless was angry at Hiccup was an understatement. He was furious over his friend going along on this deal in exchange for their life and their freedom. So on the flight back to Berk Toothless ignored Hiccup while Hiccup apologized again and again for doing so. Toothless understood why he did it, but couldn't possibly understand why Hiccup wanted to return to Berk just to ensure their life and safety. His friend avoided Berk like a plague for five years, so why

would he even go along with it know. They could always have escaped from the Viking tribe; he was fast enough to get rid of them in matter of seconds. So why would he do as the crazy chief Viking demanded from him? Hiccup must have known what was son his mind when he said quietly:

"I did it because if we just escaped from Dagur and the Berserkers, we would never be free from the constant worrying and fear from being caught and killed. Neither you nor I would like to live that way, especially since we left for that reason. So if I have to make a deal with a deranged monster for our life and freedom, then I will do it without hesitation."

Toothless didn't make a sound, but he understood Hiccup's motives. He would have probably done the same if he was a human of course, but since he was a dragon he would have killed the Vikings when he had the chance. Those Vikings are only lucky that he listened to his friend instead of listening to his instincts to kill them, and he wouldn't promise that he wouldn't try to harm them if they ever touched one single hair on his friend.

Hiccup patted on Toothless side while giving a reassuring smile, but they both knew that it was all just a ruse from showing how scared he was about returning home. The home he had left behind five years ago.

He looked behind him to see if the Berserker ship was still following them, and his assumption was correct when he saw the ship farther behind. They were far enough to not get spotted by any watchers from other tribes, but close enough to intervene in case the duo would try to escape. Hiccup took a deep sigh and turned his back on the skip, and looked on the road ahead and saw the isle of Berk. He hoped for Toothless and his own sake that people of Berk wasn't looking too closely at the sky, because they were bound to notice a midnight black dragon flying over Berk. They would probably kill them on sight, which was the first rule of dragon killing. No, they had to be careful and not draw attention to themselves. So they would need to find a place that no one else on Berk would be and search. But where could that be?

"Toothless lets land inside our cove," Hiccup said while looking carefully down on the ground beneath them to see if that no one was noticing them. No one seemed to look up, but that was probably because they were so high in the air making it was hard to see. "No one knows about it and wouldn't find us there."

Toothless purred in agreement and they glided down to their secret cove, where they first became best friends.

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><p>"It looks like nothing has been disturbed here since we left Berk," Hiccup looked around the cove. The rocks, the green moss and the small lake that was filled with fish was exactly the same as they left it five years ago. Hiccup was kind of glad that his dad or anyone else hadn't found this place, especially if they noticed the black dragons scales all over the cove. They would probably have thought a dragon killed him. Well, they probably thought he was dead by now and most likely killed by a dragon anyway, so he shouldn't feel hurt by the assumption. He told himself that thousand times in

his mind, but knowing that his dad and everyone else didn't believe he could do something without disaster following him around and end up getting himself killed. No one believed in him and wouldn't even try to see who he really was, except for Toothless of course, and they would never see it if he had any say in it. "Are you even listening to me? Or are you just ignoring me because you are still mad at me."<p>

Toothless was lying on the ground with no intention of standing up anytime soon, he was tired from flying and just wanted to rest. Hiccup understood his friend's wish for resting, so he said while trying act casual: "How about you get some rest and I'll go to the village to look around and maybe get some fish. What do you say Bud?"

When Toothless heard that suggestion he reacted defensive and certainly didn't want to let Hiccup enter that village that treated him terribly alone. He growled in protest and rose in attempt to keep Hiccup from leaving. Hiccup laughed at Toothless, mostly because he had his protective and possessive look on his face and also because his attention turned once he made the suggestion. Its funny how quick Toothless would change his mind, and Hiccup found the whole thing as sort of a game for him to play on Toothless.

"Come on Toothless, it's going to be fine," Hiccup reassured. "I'm just going to take look around and establish a better view of Berk's village life."

Toothless gave me the Look like he was telling him, "Do you think I'm stupid?"

"No-no I don't believe you are stupid, but I can't exactly take you with me into the village since Vikings tend to hate and kill dragons on sight. So I don't want to take any risks."

Toothless continued to give him the Look before his eyes dilated with pure concern over his friend, but this time didn't try to refuse him because he knew he wouldn't listen and it was the right thing to do. If Hiccup was determined to go to the village alone at least he could was to take some safety measures, so Toothless purred towards Hiccup's mask. Hiccup picked up the helmet and put it on along with the mask covering his face, this way no one would recognize him.

"Thanks Bud. I will be back before you know it, with huge basket filled with fish too," Hiccup smiled at his friend before leaving the cove. The shield he had used years ago was still in place making it difficult for anyone to enter or leave the cove, so Hiccup had to crawl under it in order to leave and then he disappeared from Toothless sight. Toothless lay down and looked into nothing. He was worried about leaving Hiccup alone in the village, but there was nothing he could do without exposing himself or Hiccup. Not that he cared if he exposed himself, but he knew Hiccup would like to keep a low profile about him being back here on Berk. Toothless hoped Hiccup for once wouldn't get himself in trouble and come back without any scratches or bruises on him. But what Toothless didn't know was that Hiccup would be caught in middle of the biggest trouble yet to come.

><p>Walking towards the village began to seem more like a walk towards his doom, but strangely enough he was relaxed when he entered the village. Berk hadn't really changed the last five years with the exception of the new houses that was rebuilt because the dragon raids. The village was still sturdy and colorless, but what Hiccup found most strange was that there was almost no one in the village. Where could everyone be? Has dragons or an illness killed them all? Hiccup thought, but quickly pushed those thoughts away. There was no way they all were dead after all Vikings have stubbornness issues, they wouldn't die without a fight. That was when he heard voices and cheers from the arena. Hiccup wondered what was going on, so naturally he walked towards the arena. He had been glad that the ones in the village didn't take much notice to him as he walked in the village and towards the arena, but they were busy with whatever work they were doing.<p>

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><p>When Hiccup reached the arena, he saw almost everyone in the village sitting on tribune cheering on what looked like a fight between Vikings to determine who was the strongest. He saw Hoark the Haggard, Burnthair the Broad, Phlegma the Fierce and the other Vikings, all-cheering on the on-going champion. He glanced over to see his father Stoick the Vast sitting on a small throne, overlooking the tournament. What surprised Hiccup was that his father looked so different after five years with his absence. His father had aged a lot despite being fifty years old; he had traces of gray hair and wrinkles like he was older. It was strange to see his father so different, it was like seeing a total different person instead of his father, but then again he never understood his father in the first place. Also even if he did he knew it wouldn't matter anyway since no matter what scenario was placed his father would never understand him. The sad part was that Hiccup didn't do much help for his father to understand him either when it certainly mattered, now look at how estranged their relationship was.<p>

"Are you here for the tournament?" a voice asked, interrupting Hiccup's thoughts. Hiccup stiffened by the voice because he was far too aware who's voice it was and that could be considered a problem. It was Gobber the Belch, his mentor and his father's closest friend. "No-no," Hiccup stammered nervously, hoping for his own sake that Gobber would believe him and let him be. Unfortunately the gods must hate him at the moment since Gobber didn't believe him.

"Huh, since I don't believe you," Gobber looked at him suspiciously, almost certain there was something strange about him. Hiccup started to feel sweat running down from his forehead, but luckily he had his mask on so Gobber couldn't see him. "And the fact that you are dressed for a fight, I'll let you enter the tournament."

"No please, I'm not here to fight," Hiccup tried to protest, but it went in vain when Gobber opened up the hatch into the arena.

"You'll be fine, our champion fighter will see you as sick or weak and will probably go for the more Viking like fighters," Gobber smiled in good humor as he led Hiccup into the arena. "At first." Gobber gave him a slight push and went out of the arena and closed the hatch to the arena.

"Thank you for summing that up," Hiccup said sarcastically, as the hatch closed leaving him alone in the arena. Gobber stopped once he heard those words and turned around to look at the stranger. He was pretty sure he had those words before, but the question was where?

Gobber shrugged and left to go and meet Stoick, meanwhile Hiccup looked nervously around to see the whole tribune staring at him with curiosity and uncertainty. No one on Berk recognized this stranger, but they didn't think much of it since it didn't matter now. If he were an enemy of Berk, then he wouldn't be able to do any harm as long as their champion had something to say about it.

When Hiccup finally took his attention away from the tribune and looked at the person he was supposed to fight, he was shocked beyond recognition. This person was his own age and probably the one of the best fighters on Berk yet, but the worst thing was that he used to have certain feelings about her. The person in front of him with a sharp and dangerous axe was no one other than Astrid Hofferson, his former crush and probably one of the best dragon slayers on Berk.

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Here's the new chapter, so I hope you like it. I find this story somehow difficult to write unless I put my full focus on it and I have many times considered of not completing this, but since you all have been so supportive about this story I will continue to try writing this and hopefully complete this for you guys. Thank you for the reviews, favorite/followings, and please continue reviewing or whatever.

**xXrebelgirl07Xx **

4. This can't be good

3) This can't be goodâ€¦

Stoick sat on the throne, overlooking the tournament when Gobber appeared next to him with a puzzled expression on his face. Normally Stoick wouldn't bother to question why his dear old friend had that face, but after Hiccup disappeared Stoick had changed in more ways than one.

"What's the matter Gobber?" Stoick asked, with grump voice. "Is there something wrong?"

"I don't know," Gobber looked around confused, unsure if whatever it was mattered or not. "It just that I keep thinking over what he said just before I left."

Stoick turned to see Gobber and trying to understand what he had just said, because he had gotten Stoick curious over whatever words had been exchanged.

"Who?" Stoick said.

"The next fighter," Gobber answered, before he pointed out the man who was standing in the arena. "He said something that reminded me of something that I can't recall. It was almost like I had heard it before."

Stoick nodded and looked over at the fighter in the arena. The lad was lean and slightly muscled and was covered in partly leather around his upper body with a type of armor along with arm brackets; his pants were dark brown and have straps around them with a leather boot on his right foot. Stoick noticed a prosthetic that was different from anything he had ever seen before, but what took Stoick's attention was the spiked mask covering his face. Stoick glanced between the lad and Gobber and was just as clueless as Gobber. He had never seen this person before and as chief it was his duty to know everyone and anyone who came to the village. So who was this young man in the arena?

"Do you know who it is?" Stoick asked, slightly skeptical over this unknown man in the arena. He was chief of Berk and he knew everyone in the village, but this man didn't remind Stoick of anyone who lived on Berk. This made him think that the man was an outsider. Did any of their enemies try to get into Berk using him as a distraction?

"Nope," Gobber said, while popping the 'p' in careless manner. "But if he is an enemy then getting killed in the arena might be suitable punishment for entering Berk in the first place."

Stoick nodded in agreement, but he didn't think it was suitable for the stranger to just be sent to fight his youngest and strongest warrior. There was the possibility that this lad could be a good fighter despite his physique. No, the best way to make things difficult for a stranger is to challenge him with something unexpected and Stoick already had an idea of how to do it.

"Gobber, what do you think if we made this match more interesting?"

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><p>Hiccup was actually shivering down to his pants in fear of fighting Astrid. Not that he was afraid of her, since he had met more dangerous and fearful enemies away from Berk than he could count, but more or less intimidated by her tough and beautiful exterior. She had most certainly matured during the five years he had been gone. Her blonde hair was more neatly and was parted to her left with her hair still braided in the back. She wore more fur now around her shoulders, which took a form of a hood, along with replacing her blue-gray shirt with a red shirt. Her beloved shoulder pads was still there, but her armbands were larger and with fur. And of course she still had the axe Hiccup had made for her thirteenth birthday, and it was currently ready to slice him to pieces with it. Hiccup wished that Toothless was here, his dragon would surely have enjoyed getting a chance to fight a little since its been a while, but Hiccup on the other hand preferred a more peaceful way of solving problems. Too bad the rest of the Vikings on Berk didn't feel the same way about his method.<p>

"Hey, how about we say that you won this and we don't have to fight?" Hiccup said heedfully, in attempt to avoid fighting Astrid. He knew too well that despite him getting some fighting experience the last five years, there was no way he would be able to beat or stay alive long against Astrid who had trained since the time she could more or less walk. Besides he didn't want to reappear to his father again as a dead man without showing off some of his accomplishments. The question was if he ever chose to reveal the truth to his father.

"Are you stupid?" Astrid said bluntly, while positioning herself in a fighting stance. "Vikings never runs away from a fight, meaning that we have to fight."

"Butâ€|aahh," Hiccup yelped as he took a step back, barely dodging the blade when Astrid began swinging her axe on him. Then she began swing her axe again and Hiccup barely manage to dodge it. She didn't give him any time to pull out his sword to defend himself with it either, since that he could at least block her swing instead of just dodging her, but the worst thing was that her movements came faster and faster for each swing. Hiccup kept moving backwards and dodging the attacks while keeping a calm demeanor, but on the inside he felt frustrated and helpless like he used to be when he lived on Berk. Back then he was useless and couldn't even lift a weapon on his own, but now he was more than capable to wield a weapon and even more if it was one of his own inventions. But that wasn't much of help if he couldn't do anything else than dodge and evade attacks.

"HALT THE FIGHT!" A voice called out through the arena, overpowering the rest of the audience. Everybody went silent and Astrid stopped attacking and turned her attention to who had stopped the fight, meanwhile Hiccup felt his whole body stiffen from the sound of that voice. He remained perfectly still and didn't turn around to see his father rising from his throne. This can't be good, Hiccup thought to himself, while discreetly grab a hold of his sword that was attached to the side pocket on his right leg. Even though he and his dad never seemed to know or understand each other very well, Hiccup knew that if he dad halted the fight it would mean he had something going on. For most of Hiccups circumstances his dad tend to make the situation more complicated than helpful, leaving Hiccup in more problems than he already was in. For instance when his dad had entered him into Dragon Training meanwhile he had come to realize he couldn't kill one and that he had started to befriend a certain dragon. And see how that turned out, he ran away from home and been moving around for five years with his dragon and his dad had not clue about it.

"Seeing as we have a visitor here on Berk," his dad said, but moved his head towards Hiccup as an indication that he was the 'visitor'. "Our champion and our visitor shall not fight each other, but instead fight one of the dragons we hold captive here on Berk."

Applause was ecstatic and many cheered over the suggestion, but to Hiccup it was dread that consumed his mind. It was just as he thought his dad was going to make the situation more complicated. He wasn't worried about the dragon, but he was more worried about getting out of this mess without hurting the dragon or exposing himself in front of the entire village. Better yet not get killed from doing the one thing a Viking won't do with dragons.

"AS THAT SAID, LET THE FIGHT BEGIN!" his dad shouted to the crowd. Hiccup realized he hadn't really listened to whatever his dad had said, but he didn't have the time to dwell on it as Gobber opened the hatch and a scarlet Monstrous Nightmare burst into the arena setting itself on fire. The Nightmare was furious probably from being locked up and was more than determined to win this fight than Hiccup was, but then again other Vikings had the tendency to fight to death. Astrid started to charge straight towards the Nightmare with her axe held up to attack. However Hiccup reacted slightly quicker than Astrid as he followed after her and threw himself over her, grabbing her axe and threw it as far as possible. He could hear Astrid shriek in anger as she hurried back to pick her axe, meanwhile giving Hiccup enough time to try and calm down the Nightmare. Slowly he walked towards the Nightmare until he stood only a few steps away from the dragon, who looked at Hiccup with confusion along with the rest of the village. Hiccup was on the on other hand confident as he activated the mechanism on his sword and the blade turned into a fire torch that he swung around the dragon. The arena gasped in astonishment and surprise, never had they seen such blade as well as being handled with such efficiency either. The question that went through their minds was who was this stranger?

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><p>The Nightmare followed the movements from the fire blade that this unusual Viking was swinging around with. Strangely enough the Nightmare wasn't frighten or overly cautious about this Viking, because he had the distinct smell of forests and a dragon and not the smell of dead dragons and sweat like the others. This man was a calming individual to the dragon, making him take out the fire on his body, and when he reached out his hand, the Nightmare perplexed over this action. Was this man willing to trust him not to hurt him?<p>

"It's okay. I'm not like them, I'm not going to hurt you," the man looked at the Nightmare. The dragon couldn't see anything except the forest green eyes that showed kindness and courageousness. The man trusted him and the Nightmare knew that the man wouldn't hurt him, so he decided to trust this strange Viking by pushing his snout into the Viking's hand.

"Thank you," the man whispered. He patted the Nightmare's snout gently and the Nightmare could see the Viking's eyes filled with happiness. However the other Vikings that was glancing over them was shocked and most of all were furious over what they were witnessing, but the one who was most furious was the chief.

"STOP THE FIGHT!" Stoick bellowed, before hammering on the metal rods. The loud sounds scared the Nightmare, making him want to attack the Vikings who were making their way into the arena, but the young man wasn't willing to let the other Vikings get close to neither of them. Instead the young Viking climbed on to the Nightmare's back, telling that it's time to get out of there. The Nightmare understood and began flying over the arena, making his way out of the hatch where few of the Vikings entered into the arena.

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><p>The young Viking was riding him with no hesitation, leading him towards the forest. Then the man asked him to land into a cove and

the Nightmare complied the request and landed close to the lake inside the cove. The Nightmare noticed there was another dragon inside the cove and he looked and saw his former comrade during the raids, the Night Fury. The Nightmare was surprised since he haven't seen the Night Fury for five years since the last raid before he was captured and locked up in cell. What have happened those five years ago and why was he here now?<p>

"Sorry, Toothless," the young man said. He rubbed his neck with his left hand in embarrassment. "I got myself into some trouble back at the village." The Night Fury looked more or less annoyed with the young Viking, almost like he didn't believe he had just gotten into some trouble. The Night Fury then turned his attention to the Nightmare and asked what had happened. The Nightmare told the Fury as much as he could and the Fury nodded his head in understanding.

"Looks like this whole situation turned a little more complicated," the young man said. He shrugged his shoulders and took off his mask. The man had scraggy and unkempt brown hair with two small braids, very different from the other Vikings in both smell and appearance. Still looks didn't seem to be his first priority, since there obviously something these two was going to do here on Berk that was far more important than looks and popularity. The young man sat down on the ground and pulled out a small book and began writing something down.

"It's time to make some plans," the young man said with a sneaky grin on his face.

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**Here's a new chapter to all of you, in celebration for my one year anniversary since I started the my fan fiction account. I know that it's been a while since I have updated this story, because I have put my priority on my other stories. I still plan on completing this story, but it will take some time since I will start my university education in august. **

Anyway thank you for all your reviews, followings and favorites. And please continue doing so.

xXrebelgirl07Xx

5. The thing about plans

4) The funny thing about plansâ€|

The next morning Hiccup woke up at dawn with eyes of determination. His time was limited since he figured Dagur wasn't patient enough for him to have months in order to pull off this scheme that was forced upon him. He probably only had a couple of days before the Berserker would come and look for him and Toothless and they won't care if they attacked Berk while they were at it. So he had used the rest of the day yesterday to plan out how he was going to steal the most

protected sword on Berk and more importantly how to do it without getting caught. Hiccup was lucky that Vikings weren't much about brains like him, but he won't want to underestimate their brawn so it was better if he made a plan that avoided being confronted directly. The only thing that worried Hiccup about the situation was that he might have to confront his dad and might even had to hurt him and the rest of the village just to save his friends and probably also his own village from attack by the Berserker.

Toothless opened up his eyes and stared at his friend, who was sitting on the ground drawing something in the dirt. Toothless snuck up and looked over Hiccup's shoulder to see what he was drawing and was pleased to see it was a drawing of him. He turned to look at Hiccup's face to see the same pleased expression on his face, but was quickly sadden when he saw his friend looking guilty and distraught. Toothless had a few ideas that it had something to do with the village and what had happened yesterday. Though Toothless had been slightly upset that Hiccup didn't bring any fish back, but concern instantly took over once he heard what had happen from the Nightmare Hiccup had brought along with him. Toothless purred in comfort and pushed his snout into Hiccup's shoulder and Hiccup turned his head and his sad expression changed instantly into a happy face.

"Hey Bud," Hiccup smiled and petted Toothless head gently. "Shall we try and fish some breakfast in the lake?"

Toothless made a sound of excitement and he began to jump around, impatiently that his rider was taking so long to grab everything he needed to fish in the lake. Hiccup laughed, grabbed the couple of wood sticks he needed for the fish and followed his dragon. Hiccup was glad that Toothless managed to cheer him up from all these distraught feelings that he was having on stealing one of Berk's many treasures that have been passed down for over seven generations. Whatever the consequences were going to be for what he had planned to do, he was determined to do everything he could to keep the dragons and the people he still loved and cared about. Even if it meant that he had to betray the ones he cared about.

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><p>Stoick couldn't stop thinking about what had happened in the arena. It was unbelievable that a thin young man managed to calm down a Monstrous Nightmare without harming it, but also managed to climb onto its back and ride it like some common horse. Having an ability to tame such rough and uncontrollable beasts, it's unheard off and even a disgrace for cuddling with those creatures. That mysterious man couldn't even be considered a Viking, if he was willingly allowing himself to associate with those beasts.<p>

"Chief, we could use your help with gathering those yaks," Hoark said. Stoick turned his attention on one of the men in the village. He really didn't have the time to think about that traitor when he had a village to run, especially when the villagers were in desperate need for his help.

"Alright, I'll be right with you," Stoick answered and followed after Hoark to get those yaks under control.

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><p>"Look, the plan is simple. You two distract the villagers while I try and make a sketch of the sword," Hiccup said seriously. The first step of the plan required him getting a closer look at the sword and possibly see how guarded the sword was. Even though the sword wasn't often used in combat or against dragons, his dad wasn't stupid enough to leave the sword in plain sight so anyone could take it. Hiccup didn't even know where his dad might have hidden it, but he figured that over the time he grew up with his father the most likely places he would keep the sword was either in the Great Hall or his dad's bedchambers. It was the only two places Hiccup hadn't paid most attention to when he observed the things around him and his dad had most control over and kept guarded. So Hiccup had planned to use Toothless and the Nightmare as a distraction and direct the Vikings attention away from him looking for the sword. It was a simple plan, but unfortunately Toothless wasn't agreeable on the fact that he was going to be alone when he was roaming the village, especially after what had happened yesterday. Besides Hiccup could no longer blend in with the environment like he used to do five years ago, when he was dressed the way he was and having a prosthetic leg didn't help either.<p>

"Bud, I don't see any other way if you wouldn't let me go into the village, " Hiccup argued when he saw Toothless glaring at him. Toothless was signaling that he didn't believe him, but Hiccup wasn't about to give up on this opportunity. "Please, Toothless."

Toothless was still not ready to give up on the fight, but was starting to lose his ground when Hiccup pleaded once again Toothless couldn't refuse him. So Toothless nodded his head for a second, but Hiccup managed to see it and knew that he had his friend's approval.

"Thank you Bud," Hiccup said gently, while he stroked Toothless head. "I promise that nothing is going to happen to me and if it does then I will call for you. Does that sound okay for you?"

Toothless purred in agreement and slightly began cuddling into Hiccup's hands. He loved doing that whenever he had the chance. It was some kind of reassurance for both Hiccup and him. They both understood and cared for each other in a different way than the way normal people did. Most importantly they would always place each other's need before their own like Toothless had been doing, thinking about what might have been best for Hiccup, but if Hiccup thought that he could do something then Toothless didn't doubt that he could.

"Time to get going, Bud," Hiccup said confidently as he climbed onto Toothless's back and flew towards the village.

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><p>Hiccup was dropped off not far from the village, but far enough so the Vikings spotted neither Toothless nor the Nightmare. He gave Toothless one last reassuring look before Toothless flew off with his self-controlled prosthetic. He knew that Toothless didn't like to fly anymore alone, not after he had met Hiccup and started to ride on him, but it was for the best that the village didn't see him again. So Hiccup began sneaking behind houses and shops, first making his way towards the Great Hall.<p>

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><p>They all were gathered in the Great Hall to discuss the events that had happened yesterday with a stranger entering the arena and got out by riding on the back of a dragon. Suddenly a loud roar was heard from the outside and all the Vikings hurried out to see if they were being raided once again despite having a peaceful period between them and the dragons for the last five years. Stoick and Gobber weren't far behind the rest of the Vikings and were shocked to see the Nightmare that had escape yesterday attacking their houses by setting it on fire. Some women and children were screaming in fear of being caught fire while the rest of the Vikings charged towards the Nightmare with every admissible weapon they could find. Though Stoick found the attack form being reckless because it was only one dragon, not an army. However Stoick quickly changed his mind when he heard the screaming sound pierce through the air and hit one of the catapults.<p>

"NIGHT FURY!" Gobber yelled out while slight getting down on the ground. "GET DOWN!"

The Vikings followed the order without any hesitation, since they obviously never encountered a Night Fury up close. However the Night Fury just stayed on the sidelines, never once coming close enough for them to get a good view of the dragon or get a good shot hurting the beast. Obviously the Nightmare was the main attack source and that was enough to keep the men on their toes because this dragon was tough and unwilling to give up without a fight. Stoick felt the adrenaline pumping when he helped the others fighting the Nightmare. It's been a long time since the last dragon raid and other than what had happened in arena, nothing had really kept Stoick's motivation other than run the village. His wife was lost and his only son and heir had run away and most likely gotten himself killed by some dragon. The worst part was that he couldn't even avenge his son, but maybe by killing some dragons he could justify the disappointment he was as Hiccup's father.

Stoick started to think there was something strange about this attack. The dragons wasn't after the sheep or their food stock, all they did was attack the houses without hurting any of the Vikings. Dragons didn't care about anything, so why would they attack in such manner without reaching their goal. If it was so, then what was really their goal?

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><p>Sneaking in to the Great Hall hadn't been very difficult, but searching for the sword proved to be a lot harder than what Hiccup had anticipated. The Great Hall was too big for him to search on his own, but he figured that his dad wasn't going to place it somewhere in clear sight. He had searched every chair, table and floorboard and come up with nothing. Hiccup could only assume that the sword wasn't here, so that meant that it might be at his dad's house. Hiccup had really hoped that the sword was in the Great Hall because no one would be suspicious if someone was in there, but his dad's house was another story. Despite having an open door policy, there was a difference in visiting the Chief's house and actually entering the house. As long as he could remember no one other than Gobber had ever been inside the house and even he didn't follow Hiccup inside

whenever he had messed-up one of the dragon raids. So how in Thor's name was he going to appear unsuspecting around his dad's house?<p>

Hiccup had no idea, but he had to try at least. Hiccup looked around and saw a big left boot on the floor. He picked up the boot to see if it would fit to hide his prosthetic and surprisingly it did, but whoever owned the boot had terribly smelly feet. It was strong enough to knock someone out and Hiccup suspected it might be Snotlout or Tuffnut who owned the boot, since they were champions in that department as long as he could remember. The thought over wearing neither one of their boots were revolting, but he didn't have time to be picky since Toothless and the Nightmare couldn't keep off the Vikings forever. So Hiccup swallowed his pride and put on the boot and left the Great Hall and ran towards his dad's house.

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><p>Astrid was running to well to get some water to let out the fire the dragons were setting on the houses. Normally she would help out with offense, but she thought that she was more useful by trying to save the houses. Another reason was that she thought the attack was too weird considering whom they were fighting with. It almost seemed like it was staged to keep them distracted and the real action was going on somewhere else. She didn't like it that they might be played into some game that could cause their lives, but who could control these dragons and make them do such command? Was it the mysterious stranger from the arena?<p>

Astrid was so distracted by her thoughts that she almost didn't notice a guy walking up the hill towards the Chief's house. Astrid grew suspicious of this; there was no reason for someone to go up to the Chief's house since he was fighting the dragons. So why would anyone go up there? She didn't know, but she was going to find out. She looked around to see if anyone was around before she began following him.

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><p>Hiccup entered his dad's house and was surprised to see how everything was undisturbed exactly as he had left it. His dad must have been too busy taking care of the village and not spending much time at home. Hiccup went up the stairs and he could hear a small squeak on one of the steps, but he continued up to the second floor. When he began approaching his dad's bedroom he was starting to get a little nervous, he had never been in his father's room and now all of sudden he was going to break his father's privacy. Hiccup took a deep sigh and opened his dad's bedroom.<p>

His dad's bedroom was similar to his room, but he remembered his room for being messy with sketches of people and multiple inventions. His dad was actually able to keep things fairly clean with weapons lying around the room. Swords, axes and even a couple of bolas were surround his bed and leaning against the wall, but Hiccup saw immediately the weapon he was looking for. The Sword of Berk stood beside his father's bed and it was particularly dazzling. The sword was made as typical Viking sword with a double-edge blade and a one-handed hilt with pommel. What made it most special in appearance were the golden rune inscriptions on the blade, which was unusual for a Viking sword and very challenging for a blacksmith to even make a

copy off. Hiccup had always loved a challenge, so trying to make a copy would be considered a perfect challenge. So he pulled up his sketchbook and began drawing the sword with close detail. He was glad that he was a fast drawer as he was doing finishing touches of the drawing, since he could hear from his father's bedroom window that Toothless and the Nightmare was starting to run flow on fire power and the Vikings were going to use it to their advantage if they could.

"Looks good, it works," Hiccup mumbled to himself before closing his sketchbook. "I hope nothing have happened to Toothless and the Nightmare."

Hiccup made sure that he had placed the sword the same way he had found it before leaving the room and almost ran down the stairs. Knowing how clumsy he could be, he was surprised that he didn't trip on the stairs like used to do. He forgot sometimes that he had grown up to be man, instead thought about him as being the awkward and useless boy he used to be when he lived here on Berk. Hiccup was so lost in those thoughts that he didn't see right away what was in front of him when he opened the door. It wasn't until he heard and almost felt a sharp blade swung at him. He barely dodged it and took a step back to see who was attacking him. His forest green eyes widen when he saw Astrid at the door with an axe in her hand and a furious expression on her face. Hiccup knew immediately that he was in deep trouble and the well-thought plan was definitely going astray now.

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New chapter, so I hope you will like it. It might seemed a little fast-paced, but the plan is that this story isn't going to be twenty chapters or something like that. Since I will be start studying at the university soon I wouldn't have the same time and energy to write stories, but I will complete my story as well as my other stories when I get on it. However I will put my time on completing two stories and this one is one of them. So please be patient and I will try write whenever I can.

While I'm on it, I should tell you that I don't own HTTYD or any of the characters. The only thing I own is the storyline. I actually forgot to mention it before, but I guess most of you know that. I had to at least remind people the fact since many here forget to mention it and it says here on the rules for the site that we have to disclaim ownership on what we are writing about (other than the story, sometimes though).

**Anyway I want to thank you for the reviews, followings and favorites. I hope that you will continue doing so and of course I like getting PM from you guys, since it's a lot more personal. So if you want to do that then feel free to do so. **

**xXrebelgirl07Xx **

5) He's back

"Who are you?" Astrid said exasperated. She clutched her axe tightly in her right and began moving closer towards Hiccup, meanwhile Hiccup staggered backwards in fear of what Astrid was going to do with her axe. "Start talking! Who are you and why are you in the chief's home?"

"Ummâ€¦." Hiccup said, insecure over how the heck he was going to get out of this situation. "Funny storyâ€¦"

Hiccup thought that if he kept Astrid distracted long enough than maybe he had a shot in escaping Astrid's wrath, but she wasn't so cooperative on the plan. She began swing her axe first to Hiccup's right side then to his left side, only to get dodged in the last second every time by stepping to the opposite side.

"Talk!" Astrid hissed. "Otherwise I'll cut you into tiny pieces and give you to the dragons."

Hiccup snorted by her threat, the idea of him being cut to pieces he might have believed, but he highly doubted that the dragons would eat his flesh. Toothless would never have allowed it for one thing and also because the dragons they would have in the arena would eat fish or animal meat, not humans despite what the Vikings thought.

"Right, I bet they would find me very delicious and they would fight tooth and nails just to get a taste of me," Hiccup mumbled sarcastic. He didn't think Astrid could hear his comment, but his was mistaken when she shrieked in fury and swung her axe again. Hiccup couldn't dodge this attack due to his body leaning behind the wooden kitchen table and Astrid moving quickly to the sides, taking away Hiccup's tactic of escape. He didn't want to use his sword on Astrid, not that he could use it anyway due to the situation, but he certainly didn't want to get chopped to bits. Hiccup used his side vision to see the table while keeping attention to Astrid's whereabouts. The table seemed strong enough to keep his weight, guessing by the fact that it can probably hold one of his dad's punches into the table without splitting it in two. So Hiccup didn't think much about when Astrid swung her blade right at him and he quick and swiftly jumped up on the table. Astrid's blade had gotten stuck in the wood as a consequence of this action and she looked up at him in anger. Hiccup stared at her with eyes filled with insecurity and sadness, looking at her made him feel those small feelings he used to have for her a long time ago. He knew that she didn't and never would feel the same way about him who would, considering he used to be Hiccup the Useless around his peers. Plus the fact that his best friend is a dragon and he has plans to steal one of Berk greatest treasures, that didn't exactly show he was such a great catch as a boyfriend let alone a husband to anyone.

Hiccup began to notice that Astrid's expression was slipping away as she continued to stare him down. He wondered why she would look at him so closely, most Vikings didn't take much time observing people and Astrid was no different. However her blue eyes told him she was both curious and insecure over who was standing above her, looking down on her with such eyes that held so many secrets that even the gods won't know about. Then Hiccup realized something was missing. He wasn't wearing his helmet that covered his face and he became

perturbed by the fact that right now Astrid didn't look like she was looking at a stranger, but at someone she clearly knew. Hiccup knew that he had really screwed up this time, especially if she realized how she knew him.

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><p>If she ever doubted there was something strange about this guy before, then there was something really strange about him now as his face expressed anxiousness or distressed. Astrid was angry that someone had managed to dodge and make a fool out of her attacks, but when her axe was stuck in the wooden table and he was standing on top of it she began to notice something familiar with him. He was certainly more handsome than most other Vikings, especially if she compared him to Snotlout, Tuffnut and Fishlegs. He was taller than her and the rest of the teens with a leaner and stronger built. His auburn hair was somewhat scraggy and unkempt with two small braids behind his right ear. He also had minor freckles on his cheeks and Astrid could barely notice a small white scar just below his bottom lip. However the thing that fascinated her the most were his eyes. Such a beautiful forest green color that was rare to see among Vikings since most of them usually had brown or blue eyes. The only people she knew who had green eyes were the chief and his wayward son, who had disappeared five years prior. Astrid still felt ashamed over how she had chased Hiccup out of Berk because his inability to fight dragons during dragon training, even after everyone told her that there was nothing she should feel guilty over. It had been in the heat of the moment when she stated her anger and annoyance towards Hiccup, who had been distracted by something when they were fighting the Deadly Nadder. Of course she wasn't lying about what she had said, but she should have handled the situation better and kept her temper under control. And when Hiccup disappeared into thin air everyone in the village with the exception of Mildew started to feel slightly guilty for how they had treated him, Astrid felt extremely guilty since he was a good and intelligent person despite his mistakes. Sure, he was different from any other Viking, but it was who he was and he couldn't change that no matter how much trouble and grief he gave the village. Hiccup was the heir of Berk unless the chief said otherwise, which was pretty doubtful considering the next in line was Snotlout, who would probably burn Berk to the ground on the first day as chief. At least the isle would go down with a huge bang, instead of being taken over by enemies or dragons.<p>

Anyway Astrid noticed something oddly familiar about this guy standing above her, and he only confirmed her suspicion when he started to look upset over her looking at him. Did he know her or better yet did she know him? She wasn't entirely sure, but she wasn't going to stand there and guess the answer. If she wanted to know something then she got to find the answers, even if the answers lied with this weirdo.

"Who are you?" Astrid asked once again, but this time wasn't going to accept his silence. "Do I know you?"

The guy became flustered and nervous to answer her, only mumbling something she couldn't understand. His reaction reminded her of Hiccup whenever he had been around her and tried to talk to her. However there was no way this guy could be Hiccup, he was probably eaten by a dragon and left for dead. Then why would she even think they were similar?

"I-Iâ€¦" the guy stuttered nervously. "A-A-Astrid, you must b-be mistaking me for s-someone else."

"I don't think so, tell me why you are in the chief's house without his permission," Astrid said determined. "And don't try and lie to me."

He groaned in annoyance and only shook his head refusing her request for answers. Fine, Astrid thought to herself. If he didn't want to make things easier then she wasn't going to make it easy for him either. She used all her strength and pulled her axe out of the table and was about to swing when the guy suddenly jumped from the table. She could only stare by the sudden action as he landed perfectly behind her. He was swift like a bird flying through the sky and he seemed almost graceful in his movements despite him being male. She never thought she would consider a man graceful especially when she didn't even consider herself as such. He stared at her for moment with eyes that held so many secrets that she couldn't even imagine before he sprinted to the back of the room. Realizing that he was trying to escape her, she quickly followed after him knowing that if he ran towards the back of the room it led to a dead end. He wouldn't escape her or trick her to believe he could possibly be Hiccup. No, she was going to get her answers and bring him to the chief so he would be punished for his actions, even if it meant death. However he surprised her when he didn't stop and instead managed to get out of the house through a hidden backdoor. What was even worse was that he had managed to place a bucket a few steps away from the door without her noticing it, which he avoided easily meanwhile she stumbled surprised and her left foot got stuck into the bucket. Astrid was furious over falling for such a simple trick and no matter what she did the bucket didn't come off, and with a bucket attached to her foot her fighting ability was limited.

"I-I'mâ€¦s-sorry," the stupid guy said. He was glancing at her with a pitiful and guilty expression on his face, almost like he felt sorry for her. She didn't say anything because her anger was about to explode and she wasn't willing to show him how close she was about to lose her temper. So she turned her head away to see if she could get her foot out of the bucket. However when she looked up again the guy was gone, leaving the backdoor open.

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><p>Never had Hiccup been so glad in escaping his father's house than he was right now. He hadn't expected that someone had followed him and waited for him to leave. Then again he had never been able to figure Astrid out, considering that she is a Viking with more layers than one, she was strong and independent enough to stand her ground than rather just following the crowd like the rest. It was probably one of the reasons why he liked her. She had always known who she was and apparently hasn't changed in that area. In contrast with him, he was insecure of himself and still had no clue who he was. Of course he was Stoick the Vast's son and heir as well being the social outcast and troublemaker of the village. However what did it say about him when he was also a dragon trainer and possibly a traitor of Berk. Hiccup's thoughts were confusing and distracting to think about, but he kept on running up the hill behind his dad's house. Soon either Astrid alarm the Vikings or the Vikings would begin notice that he wasn't anticipating in taking out the dragons, and

Hiccup wasn't really in the mood to get caught for the second time today.<p>

Hiccup stopped when he reached the top of the hill, overlooking the Vikings trying to fight the two dragons meanwhile the dragons weren't even slightly concerned over the situation since they had complete control over it and looked almost amused by the Vikings incompetence. He smirked over his best friend's amusement, knowing perfectly well that Toothless had been missing fighting Vikings for some time now because of they constantly moved around and never really interacted with humans. Of course Toothless never fought Vikings directly if he could help himself, but a dragon's nature was impossible to change and part of their nature was in fact fighting Vikings, even though that didn't mean they necessary would hurt them on purpose.

Hiccup cupped his hands around his mouth and made a roaring sound to get Toothless's attention. He was surprised that the Vikings didn't notice his dragon call, but he brushed it off thinking that they would care unless they actually heard a dragon roar. Toothless turned his head in the direction to where he was standing and made roar to the Nightmare that it was time to flee. The Nightmare nodded and let out a powerful roar, chasing the Vikings at a distance before taking flight. Meanwhile Hiccup saw the Vikings keeping the small distance between them and the Nightmare, but continued to throw wooden sticks at the dragon. Hiccup saw one of them that was attacking the dragon was his dad, however his dad didn't see him because his back was turned towards him. Just like old times before he began trying to help during dragon raids and Hiccup was left standing on the sidelines to watch the glory of his father. Knowing perfectly well that he could never be like his father, and who could blame him? He wasn't like his dad at all. So how could he ever become someone so strong and selfless as his dad was towards his people?

Hiccup was lost in his thought when he heard a voice shout out towards the battlefield.

"CHIEF!" Astrid yelled out loud as she was tumbling down the hill with the bucket still stuck on her foot. His dad turned his attention towards Astrid, surprised by both Astrid's current sticky situation and the fact that she interrupted a raid for unknown reason.

"What is it lass?" Stoick said annoyed, when Astrid finally reached him. "Don't you see that I have more important affairs to tend to than you're girly problems?"

Astrid looked like she was about to throw an insult back at him, but quickly stopped. Probably remembering that it might be a little bad to insult the chief of the village, who had the power to get her killed or even banished from the isle.

"This whole attack is a distraction," Astrid yelled. "There was some guy in your house and he was certainly not there to help out with the dragons."

"WHAT!" Stoick bellowed, making the villagers including Gobber turn their attention to their chief and the young dragon fighter.

Hiccup knew that now was the time to go and saw Toothless flying towards him, lowering his flying so he could grab Hiccup without hurting him. However Toothless's action made the villagers notice him

even more clearly than if he had been on fire. The worst thing was that it made both his dad, Gobber and Astrid notice him as well and they all began to run towards him.

"Looks like the party is over guys," Hiccup said as he was lifted from the ground while Toothless was holding him with his legs. "Better head back before they figure out they want to do a round two." Both Toothless and The Nightmare agreed to that statement and quickly flew away from the village and back to the cove.

* * *

><p>Everything was just a mess, Stoick thought to himself as he and the rest of the village began cleaning up after the dragon attack. Wrong, this wasn't meant as an attack. This whole mess had been a diversion for someone to enter his house and taken what he or she wanted. Gobber was standing next to him, mumbling something about making a new pair of undies because the Nightmare had burned them all up when Astrid came up to them. This time she didn't have a bucket stuck to her foot and looked slightly calmer and more ashamed than she had been earlier.<p>

"Sorry, chief," Astrid said regretfully. "I should have tried harder to keep him detained and not have fallen for such a stupid trick."

"Just tell me everything that happened," Stoick wasn't in the mood to relieve the girl's guilt. She should have known how to handle the situation since she was the prodigy Viking fighter, which everyone expected her to fulfill. If Stoick had to choose another heir except for Hiccup, he would without a doubt pick Astrid. There was no way he would trust the fate of the village in Snotlout.

"I saw the guy heading up to your house instead of helping out fighting the dragons, so I followed him and when I reached the door he was about to leave. I continued to ask him who he was and why he was there with a little incentive, but he kept avoiding my questions and dodging my attacks and then he ran out the backdoor and managed to trick me into getting my foot into the bucket. Then I tried to follow him, but I lost him and went to tell you what had happened," Astrid explained. Stoick nodded as he listened, but his mind was more on restoring the village than on some thief entering his house. After all everyone knew that no one was allowed to enter his home unless they wanted a painful punishment.

"Can you describe this thief?" Stoick said, slightly impatient, as he wanted to get back to work before the night set in. "In case we catch him and give out the proper punishment for his crimes."

Astrid gave him a detailed description of him, but as he listen his pupils dilated with both surprise and shock. Though Stoick wasn't sure whichever it was, but certainly knew whom she was talking about. There was no way it could be anyone other than him, especially with those details. It was Hiccup, his twenty-year-old son that has been missing since he was fifteen years old. It couldn't be anyone else especially with a scar he had gotten from a dragon raid the he lost his wife and Hiccup lost his mother. It had to be the same son, who left behind those letters with no indication that he was going to ever return to Berk, but then why had he been there? Normally Hiccup would jumping on the opportunity to fight during a dragon attack, so

why would he instead use it as an opportunity to go into their home and leave without saying anything? Then there was the situation where he managed to get himself kidnapped by the same dragons they had been fighting minutes ago. Did his son hate him and the village that much that he would even associates himself with them or ask for their when he got kidnapped? Nothing seemed to make sense and just as he found out his son had returned; Stoick loses him just like he lost Valka.

"Chief?" Astrid interrupted his thoughts. She looked at him with worry and confusion; the same did Gobber as he too must have realized whom Astrid had been talking about. After all Hiccup and Gobber had a close and special relationship that often made Stoick jealous of whenever he witnessed the interaction between the two of them. Never had he or Hiccup been very close, mostly because they were so different and stubborn to listen to each other, but also because he never knew what to say to him when he did. In many ways he took after Valka, which made things even harder for Stoick to close the bridge between them.

"Yes, lass?" Stoick said absentminded. He looked at her, only to imagine a boy with auburn hair and green eyes instead. "Was that all?"

Those word might seemed heartless towards her, but that didn't matter right now because all he wanted was to be left alone and work instead of thinking about whatever was going to happen to his son in the those beast's clutches.

"Yes, sir," Astrid answered before leaving Stoick and Gobber to help Fishlegs with the repair on one of the house that had been torched. Meanwhile Gobber turned his attention on Stoick, while Stoick tried to avoid the gaze he was feeling on him. Unfortunately this attempt didn't seem to work; at least it never seemed to work on Gobber anyway.

"Stoick, I know that after hearing this you might want to do something stupid by trying to find him and get revenge on those mongrels," Gobber said, keeping a close eye on him. "However if you decide to do something crazy you first think about what is best for the village."

"GOBBER!" Stoick shouted. "He is my son. I can't just let him get killed, not after I barely even got him back!"

"Then I have to come along just to keep you out of trouble," Gobber replied simply.

"I'm fifty years old, I don't need anyone to watch over me," Stoick said sourly. "Besides I'm not going to do something crazy."

"Hah, and you said Hiccup needed constant watching. You might even be worst than him, especially in your old age," Gobber pointed with his prophetic hand that was currently set on as a hammer. Gobber just loved to prove him wrong whenever he got the chance. "However please let's just wait before you do something rash. The village needs to be in good hands before you go up against dragons who could be anywhere."

Stocik sighed in annoyance. Guess there was no other way he could do

this right now until everything was in control. Hopefully Hiccup managed to break away and return back to Berk. That was only what a father wanted. To see his son return back to their arms, even more when the father never realized how much he had missed his different and sweet son.

"Are you going to tell everyone that the person Astrid caught in your house was Hiccup?" Gobber asked tentative.

Stoick thought over what they had just talked about. For one thing it would be easier to look for him if there many people who knew, but on the other hand he didn't want to get everyone's hopes up and then let them down if they found nothing.

"No, we'll keep it between you and me for now. However if he enters the village again I want the lass to keep her eyes open. I don't want her to underestimate him again, because both you and I know that Hiccup is certainly a surprising individual."

* * *

><p>Astrid wasn't sure if it was the dragons or the twins that made the most damage, but the latter was predictable in most cases. However the sudden dragon attack wasn't and that worried her. After long years of peace with the dragons, why would they suddenly attack and why would a stranger use them as a perfect opportunity? It all seemed too convenient to be a coincident and she suspected it had something to do with the weirdo from the arena. When she was thinking about it, they both were dressed in the same attire. Could it be the same person?<p>

Astrid shook that idea away just as fast as it occurred. One of them had a peg leg meanwhile the other one wore a ordinary booth, and unless the crippled guy grew a new leg over night it wasn't possible that they were the same person. Still the fact that the chief and Gobber reacted the way the did when she described the intruder bothered her. They knew who it is and they weren't sharing it with her or anyone else in the village, which angered her over not being trusted and get lied to.

She continued hammering another piece of wood on one of the damaged houses before she continued to look at her fellow Viking friends. Tuffnut and Ruffnut was fighting for the same saw that was used to cut the wood into pieces, neither of them seemed like they were ready to let go of the ownership leaving the rest of them waiting for parts that wasn't coming. Fishlegs was taking a closer look at the damage to calculate dragons' firepower; meanwhile Snotlout used this as an opportunity to flirt with her. Not that his attempts ever worked, more made her feel more disgusted over the fact that he felt attractive to her and thought he had a shot at her despite her rejections.

"So, babe," Snotlout said smoothly with overconfidence and arrogance. "Do you want us to meet up? You know just the two of us."

Astrid gave him the stink-eye and clearly wasn't interested in the suggestion, knowing that he was hoping for some smooching and possibly something more, which she wasn't very keen on doing neither. Was it too much to ask for a girl to find a guy who wasn't arrogant, stupid or way too talkative? Apparently it was when her choices for a

husband lied between her three guy friends or some stranger from another tribe. Even though the chief wasn't willing to give her up to another tribe, didn't mean that she was off the hook to find her mate. Not when she was already past the ordinary ages of marriage and was reaching towards twenty years in a few months. Soon none of the adults would be patient with her and the rest of the teens and it would end up getting our marriages arranged. Astrid was more willing to stay single than marrying Snotlout, even death seemed more welcoming as long as she didn't have to hear his flirting.

"Astrid!" Gobber yelled from the ground. "Can you come down to check how much of the inventory was damaged?"

"Coming down right now, Gobber."

Hallelujah, Astrid thought to herself as she climbed down the roof. Anything was better than fixing roofs with disgusting Snotlout and the annoying twins. When she got down on the ground and began to take check on inventory, she thought about Hiccup again. Then she thought about the handsome stranger, who hadn't done anything to harm her or tried to explain himself to save his skin. Weird, there wasn't many guys like that anymore and even though she hoped he would appear again in the village, there was a small part of her that hoped that he did and she got to see him again. She shook her head in annoyance and continued doing the work.

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><p>"Bud, it's going to be fine, " Hiccup attempted to reassure his overprotective dragon, only to fail miserably when Toothless smacked his tail at the back of Hiccup's head. "Toothless, I promise that nothing is going to happen to meâ€|again."<p>

Toothless had been furious over the fact that Hiccup had gotten into trouble again and that he was unable to help him. He felt useless if he couldn't even protect his human from those horrible villagers, even more after he had heard what had happened during the attack. But when the same said human suggested he should enter the village again despite almost getting caught twice in two days that gave even more fuel to his anger. There were absolutely no way he was going to let Hiccup enter the village without him by his side.

Toothless growled over what Hiccup was saying and refused to back down on this argument, not this time. Hiccup groaned in annoyance and Toothless was feeling confident that his friend would soon give up and just agree with him.

"How do you suggest we enter the village then? Because it's not everyday a dragon just walks into the village like a stray dog either," Hiccup looked at him sarcastically. "Unless we do during the night when everyone is asleep."

Toothless nodded and Hiccup sighed over being outnumbered, but he should have known by now that when you're facing a Night Fury you are always outnumbered in both battle of strength and wills.

"Alright Mr. Bossy, we'll go back in the village when everyone is asleep in order to get on with the plan," Hiccup said annoyed, but it didn't take long before a smile appeared on his face. Toothless purred in joy and began licking Hiccup's face. Big chunk of slime

covered his entire face and Hiccup became irritated.

"Ugh!" Hiccup complained as he tried drying away the slime. "You Know that doesn't wash out!" Toothless made weird sounds that sounded like he was tauntingly laughing at him.

"You think that's funny, well try this on." Hiccup threw his arms around the dragon's neck and began playing with Toothless, which he complied and took down Hiccup to the ground. They continued to play around the entire afternoon, but when nightfall was beginning to appear on the sky. They decided that it was time to go. Hiccup decided that the Nightmare was staying behind since it probably was tired after a long day and also because it might bring more attention than they already had.

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><p>The plan was simple, just enter the village and into the forge. Then make a copy of the Ancient Sword of Berk and then switch it out with the original and give it to a deranged chief without getting killed by lunatics or Berkian Vikings. Very simple, Hiccup thought. However the plan hadn't included sneaking into the village with a Night Fury, but there was no other way since Toothless wasn't going to let him go in there alone. So when they entered the village, walking quietly past the many houses that showed they were either in their beds or at the Great Hall for the drinking party. Berk always liked to drink mead after rough events, which normally meant it was a drunken party. They were lucky that the forge wasn't close to the Great Hall, making it easier to past through without raising any unwanted questions. When they reached the forge Hiccup took a quick look around to see if Gobber was there, even though there was no light inside, but he didn't want to take any chances where he could not give any reasonable explanation to why he was there and why there was a dragon following along.<p>

"Things looks clear bud," Hiccup whispered as he went inside and lit some light into the room. Just like his house everything in the forge was exactly as he had left it, but the forge was a lot messier with Gobber's tools and prosthetics lying around. Hiccup smiled by the thought of his former master and friend. Gobber was almost like a second father to him or maybe a close uncle, but like the rest of Berk they didn't understand him.

Hiccup signalized Toothless to enter the forge, but he had been determined that the dragon would remain hidden in the dark corners while he worked in case anyone got curious over why there was light in the forge. Not that Vikings was normally that curious, but it was better to be safe than sorry. Toothless didn't seem to mind as he had gotten used to watching Hiccup work with the metal and actually enjoyed seeing his friend showing off his skills.

"Better get started then," Hiccup said and began firing up the fireplace. He pulled out his sketchbook and opened the page where the drawing of the sword. Thus starting the process of forging a beautiful copy of a treasured sword. For hours he spent molding and hammering the metal and slowly turning the piece of metal into a sword. Toothless crooned in curiosity for while, but in the end got tired watching Hiccup work and began taking a nap instead. Hiccup didn't mind it as he was far too focused to see his friend sleeping, but in the end it had paid off as he managed to finish the sword by

the time the sun had began to rise the next day.

He was actually every proud of his work as he began to swing the sword around to test it out. The sword was light and easy to handle in his hands, and would probably be even easier for a more experienced fighter. Now the only thing that was missing to complete the sword was the gold rune inscriptions on the blade. He had managed to carve the runes, but the gold was a whole other problem since Hiccup had yet to find an answer to how to find golden paint or ink to replace the gold. Of course he could melt gold coins and spill it on the engravings, but he didn't have gold coins and he was sure that he wasn't going to steal some from his dad or any of the villagers. It was already bad enough that he had to steal one of Berk's treasures in order to keep himself and his dragon alive, there was no way that he was going to push his luck any further by stealing anything else from Berk. But what else could he do? Hiccup thought as he tried to come up with other options to solve the problem. However Hiccup was distracted by his pondering thoughts that he didn't see or hear someone walking into the forge and was surprised by his sudden appearance, but he heard someone gasping he turned around to see a meathead with a changeable left hand that he had once called his friend and mentor.

"HICCUP?!"

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**Here's the new chapter and it is the longest chapter I have ever written yet. So I hope you guys like it and know that this story is going fast-paced than what I usually would have written it. I tried to write in a little starting romance between Astrid and Hiccup, but I'm not really good at writing romance between characters so I hope this worked somewhat. **

A little warning for the future, due to recent change in my education I will not be able to update as often every** month as I have till now. The only time I can make to write it during the weekends, so don't expect any chapters sometime soon. Also I will work on another chapter for another story now before I update this one, so I will switch between them so I keep myself motivated and not get bored writing one story. **

**Thank you for the reviews, favorites and followings and I appreciate you guys to continue so and hopefully I will get a chapter out as soon as possible. **

xXrebelgirl07Xx

7. When everything comes crumbling down

6) When everything comes crumbling down

This can't be happening, Hiccup thought as he continued to stare at Gobber with a surprised expression. This was the last thing he wanted to happen since he returned back to Berk. He didn't want to be

recognized by anyone, especially his dad and Gobber.

"Gobber," Hiccup whispered. He wasn't sure what to do. Every part of his body told him to flee, but there was also the part that wanted to get closer to Gobber. "How are you doing?"

Gobber, on the other hand looked shocked and relieved to see him standing there. Was it that much of a surprise that he wasn't dead yet?

"Hiccup, are that really you lad?" Gobber manages to stumble out. "What happen? How did you get away from that dragon?"

Hiccup froze on the spot due by the sudden questions. What was he going to do? Tell the truth or try and make up a story as he went along. However if there was one thing Hiccup sucked at other than being a typical Viking, it was the ability to lie convincingly. He would get all nervous and begin stutter like an idiot and everybody including Gobber knew that for a fact. He opened his mouth, but nothing seemed to come out, however a low growl replaced the silence. Luckily Gobber didn't hear it and still looked like he had turned into solid ice, not sure what to say or what to do in this awkward situation. Hiccup turned around and stared at his now very defensive friend, who looked like he was about to pounce if Gobber tried to harm him in any way. However he wasn't sure how long Toothless was going to stay on the sidelines, so Hiccup quickly decided that they needed to get out of there. The only question was how they were going to get out without raising too many questions, being followed or Gobber going back and blab to his dad. Then he looked down at the sword he was still holding in his left hand. Oddly enough Gobber hadn't taken much notice of the sword either and maybe he could use that for his advantage. But just as Hiccup had formed a strategy in his head Gobber looked past him and looked in the darker corner to see a pair of neon green eyes staring straight at him, eyes that looked ready to kill. That was when Gobber heard what used be a low growl and heard the growl of fearful dragon.

"DRA...!" Gobber began shouting before Hiccup suddenly knocked him out hard with the sword and Gobber fell down on the floor. He was shocked to see that he had managed to take down such a big opponent who had more muscle and experience than he had.

"Sorry Gobber," Hiccup whispered as he signaled Toothless to come out of the shadows. He really was sorry for hurting him, but he told himself that Gobber was going to be fine. After all he had been knocked out many times before and it wasn't possible for him to lose any more brain cells than what he had already lost. Hiccup also apologized for taking the money pouch that he had on his belt, even though he really wished that he didn't have to steal more from Berk, but Hiccup was desperate and didn't have any other choice now that he had been caught in the forge. Then he quickly jumped on Toothless's back and they flew out of the village.

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><p>Toothless didn't like it. He didn't like the mess they were into and he didn't like that he and Hiccup was on Berk, trying to clean up the mess by making a bigger mess than what they had already begun with. So you could say that he was pissed about everything.<p>

However he did notice as they flew back to their cove that Hiccup had turned his back to look at the village they had just escaped from a few times now. It was no surprise that though Hiccup had been unhappy when he used to live here, but he really missed Berk and its people despite their treatment of him. Toothless had known for a while that no matter where they went in the world, Berk would always be Hiccup's home and nothing would change that. After all it was Berk that had brought them together, but it was also Berk that could break them apart should the villagers ever find out about them.

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><p>It was early morning and Stoick had already begun his duties as chief and could feel slightly tiredness in his body. He shrugged it off as not getting much sleep last night, but a part of his mind told him that wasn't the only reason why he was so tired. He had spent yesterday thinking about Hiccup, more than normal and it was starting to drive him mad with all the unanswered questions and endless worrying. What had happen with Hiccup that pushed him to the point where he had to leave the island, his home and family behind?<p>

Stoick had no clue, but he was finally going to get to the bottom of this and maybe then his son could finally come home. That was why he made to time to stop by the forge to talk to Gobber about what they were going to do, since he had promised to not go off on his own to find Hiccup without knowing for certain that the village would be fine without him there.

But when he entered the forge he was more than surprised to find Gobber there, knocked out on the floor he might add.

"Gobber, what is going on," Stoick leaned over his friend to see if he was all right. "What happened?"

"Arghâ€|Stoick," Gobber open his eyes and began rubbing his head, only to let out a slight shriek because of the pain. "What happened?"

"You tell me. I found you knocked out on the floor," Stoick explained. "You didn't hit your head on one of the blade or the stove again, did you?"

"No, I don't think so," Gobber said with a thoughtful look on his face. "I remember that I came here last night to work on the recent job requests and then Iâ€|"

Gobber suddenly went all quiet on him and Stoick grew suspicious over the sudden silence. There was one thing Gobber never was and that was being quiet, His best friend has always been loud and very quick to comment with sarcastic answer. So when Gobber went quiet, Stoick moved closer and became very intimidating.

"And you what?" Stoick bellowed. He didn't like that people withheld information from him; even more they withheld important information. That is why he demanded that Gobber would tell him whatever he was trying to hide from him.

"And I saw Hiccup there working on something," Gobber said with a

deep sigh. Almost like he didn't know what to believe anymore.

"You saw Hiccup!" Stoick exclaimed. "And you let him escape. Wait, was he alright? He didn't seem hurt or anything to you?"

"The lad was fine and unharmed at least he was until the dragon showed up and knocked me out," Gobber said. Gobber looked down on floor and was probably ashamed that he had been taken down by a dragon and let down his dear apprentice once again.

Stoick lost hope once again that he would finally get reunited with his son and because of what, a mangy beast. He slit down on a chair next to the fireplace and stared into nothingness. Why did the gods continue to punish him? Continued to stop him from seeing his son after five years apart. Had he really been that awful to deserve to lose everything he cared about to horrible creatures?

Gobber continued to stare at him, but quickly started to look around the forge to see if there was any clue on Hiccup. Neither of them said anything to each other. What was there left to say when they haven't been able to do anything for Hiccup?

"The lad was definitely doing something here," Gobber said while looking at the working desk. "He forgot to put away the tools. Huh, and he used heavier tools than what he used five years ago. Must have grown stronger."

Oddly enough Stoick found pride that his son was no longer weak like a fishbone, even though he didn't care about how his son looked. He would have been proud of him either way, but it was comforting to know that his son could at least hold a weapon.

"Anything else?" Stoick asked. He stood up from the chair and followed Gobber's movements with his eyes.

"Yep, there was definitely a dragon in here," Gobber pointed out the one of the darker corners of the room. "There was dragon scales and paw prints, but I don't know what kind of dragon it was. I have never seen these kind of prints and scales before and there are nothing similar to them in the dragon manual."

"I don't see any sign of a struggle," Stoick said. "So do you believe that maybe he managed to get out alive?"

"If the lad managed to stay alive this long than I wouldn't be surprised that he managed to get out without a single scratch on him." Gobber shrugged and lifted his pants up. Gobber was infamous for losing his pants, which was why he used a belt to keep them up with the help of a bonelike belt buckle. However he noticed Gobber's expression turned from being laidback to panic in matter of seconds. What was wrong now?

"What's the matter now?" Stoick said with a slight annoyance. "Did you lose your precious belt buckle?"

"Nope, but I did lose something," Gobber said. "My money pouch is gone."

This got Stoick immediately guarded.

"Are you sure you didn't use it up or lost it somewhere?" Stoick asked. Since it wasn't unusual that Gobber forgot where he put his things anywhere else than the forge. And he could have simply used the money last night to buy mead and got so drunk that he forgot all about it.

"No. I remember that I put on my belt with the money pouch before I left to work late at the forge," Gobber defended himself. He scratched his helmet since his head still hurt while Stoick grew angry. Everybody in the village knew better than to steal, even if they were poor and was in need. As chief he tried to make sure theft wasn't practiced in the village and he tried the best he could to make sure that those who needed help got help. So it didn't make sense. Who else would feel the need to steal without telling him? Hiccup?

No, Stoick almost chanted in his mind. His son wouldn't do that. He might not be a perfect Viking, but he would never think of stealing from his home no matter how bad things were between them. Hiccup might have changed the last five years, but he was almost certain that Hiccup was still the kindhearted boy that used to live on Berk despite his faults and mistakes. And even if Hiccup did take the money pouch, Stoick believed there must be a strange reason behind the action. He might consider it wrong or strange, but whatever the reason was it made sense to his odd son.

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><p>For most of the day Hiccup would sit at the same place on the ground working on the sword, meanwhile Toothless and the Nightmare would either eat fish, take naps or simply watching the young man work himself to exhaustion. Hiccup was more determined than ever to get this job done so he and Toothless was finally free from Berk and from the Berserkers. Now that Gobber, his dad and possibly Astrid knew about him, the best way to get away from them was to disappear as swiftly as he and Toothless had appeared.<p>

He took the five gold coins in Gobber's money pouch and melted the coins over the fireplace with help from improvised tools from nature itself. He couldn't risk going back to the village again if it wasn't to execute second part of the plan. He hadn't spoken a word since he and Toothless left the village and he could tell that his dragon companion was worried about him. As he applied carefully the liquid gold over the carved rune inscriptions, he began thinking about what he was going to do after he and Toothless was done with the deal with Dagur. Could he possibly continue soaring aimlessly around with Toothless now when he had gotten a taste of home after so long? He wasn't sure anymore.

When he put down the sword to let the gold dry, Hiccup knew that one of the next couple of days they would execute the second part of the plan, but he was worried about it and didn't know how to gather his confusing thoughts around until Toothless strode over to his side and cuddled to his side to comfort him.

"Thanks," Hiccup scratched his hard yet warm scaly skin. "You know just what I need, don't you?"

Toothless purred softly and you could see the dragon felt satisfied and content by the affection. Hiccup felt bad that he hadn't given

Toothless the attention that he needed and deserved, but he knew his dragon never held grudges on him for too long. Besides Toothless was more than just his best friend and dragon companion. He was his family and they were as brothers even if they weren't from the same kind.

"Everything is going to come to an end soon," Hiccup stated as he looked far away into the scenery. "No matter what happens, we'll stick together, even if we are apart. You are my best friend and brother. That's why I wouldn't let you go."

Toothless looked at him and licked his cheek, so his cheek was covered with slimy saliva. Normally he would complain about Toothless's nasty habit of showing his affection, but for once it was actually kind of nice to know his friend got his back.

"We'll be alright," Hiccup reassured and continued to scratch Toothless. Toothless lied down and continued to purr like a giant kitten.

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><p>Before Toothless realized it, it was already morning and he was starting to get hungry. He turned his head to look at Hiccup sleeping next to him. His little human looked always very peaceful when he slept and you couldn't see any traces of worry or exhaustion. Even though they were about the same age (not that Hiccup knew they were), he always thought of him like a hatchling that was still curious over the world and wanted to experience it all. And when Hiccup had called him that he was his brother, Toothless was so happy to know that it wasn't just he who felt that way about their relationship. After being on his own for thousands of years without any family and close friends to keep him company, he grew lonely and almost withdrawn from the world. Then he met Hiccup, who brought him back to the world and gave him the biggest gift. Hiccup gave him the friendship, companionship and the family that he didn't know he had longed for and wanted so long. But he couldn't give Hiccup and himself the one thing they both wanted more than anything. A place they could call home.<p>

Toothless hated to do this to Hiccup, especially now that his friend finally got some sleep after working himself so hard to keep them safe. However it is time to wake up, get some food and get them prepared to put out the rest of the plan in action. So he nudged Hiccup tentatively on the cheek. When his companion didn't respond Toothless began licking his entire face with a big chunk of saliva. That certainly got his attention. Hiccup woke and cried out lot in surprise and moved his back forward.

"Yuck, you know I hate when you wake me up that way," Hiccup tried to dry away the saliva, but knew it was almost impossible to get off. Toothless's eyes dilated and gave Hiccup the puppy dog look, making him seem cute and innocent.

"Stop looking at me like that," Hiccup huffed. "You know I can never stay annoyed or angry at you for long. Come on let's get some breakfast, I'll let you have the cod fish."

Toothless didn't need to be asked twice and hurried off to the lake followed closely by Hiccup, who was just shaking his head and smiled.

It was precious times like this that made life seem simple and wonderful.

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><p>After going over the plan one finally time with Toothless, Hiccup told the Nightmare that he was free to do whatever he wanted. However the dragon had to promise that he wasn't going anywhere near the village, since the chances were that they were on the look out for the escaped dragon. Hiccup didn't want the dragon get in harms way and be killed the horrified way that his dad used to tell stories about. He might have been born as a Viking, but thinking how they took pleasure in killing these wonderful creatures made him want vomit. Besides it was for the better if there weren't any distractions when they were going to switch out the swords. Both he and Toothless knew it was stupid and crazy to do the switch in broad daylight, but caution was pretty much out of the window. They were bringing more attention to themselves than what they needed and soon it would become too dangerous for them to stay at all.<p>

"Alright, you can stay here or you can fly anywhere away from here," Hiccup petted the Nightmare's snout. "Thank you for all your help."

The Monstrous Nightmare snorted in arrogance and pride, which was typical behavior for a Nightmare, but the dragon was genuinely thankful for Hiccup and Toothless's help. Not that the dragon was ever going to admit to that. Hiccup petted him once more before the Nightmare flew off and he turned to Toothless, who was slightly jealous of the attention Hiccup gives to every dragon including him. However Toothless shrugged it off and Hiccup nodded determined to put the plan in action. Hiccup put on the helmet, so this time he wouldn't be recognized immediately by his dad or Gobber, in case neither of them caught him in what he was about to do. Soon everything will be falling into place and balance of the world would be restored the way it was, with him away from Berk and free along with Toothless.

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><p>They were heading towards his dad's house again, but this time Toothless was following closely behind him. Normally he would have waited till nightfall, but he knew his dad would return home and there was not many opportunities other than go when he was not home, which was during the day. Still Hiccup had taken the time to prepare himself and enter the village when villagers were at the Great hall eating lunch, so there wasn't many in the village. However that didn't mean he wasn't cautious bringing a Night fury into the village, considering that they would definitely draw attention to themselves, so they walk close to the shadows and the house corners. Everything went according to plan and when they reached his father's house Hiccup checked to see if the coast was clear before both rider and dragon entered the house.<p>

Toothless was actually curious over the environment and put his snout on whatever he found interesting or strange, but he quickly focused on what they was supposed to be doing here. Hiccup walked carefully up the stairs and towards his father's bedchambers, followed closely by Toothless. When they entered the room things looked exactly like the last time Hiccup had been there. The sword was faced against the

wall just waiting for him to exchange it with the fake one he had made, but the closer he got the more guilty and afraid over what he was going to do. His palms began feel warm and sweaty as he took the fake sword he had tied on his back and switched it with the real one. Hiccup felt like was being punched in the stomach, realizing that he had just betrayed his tribe and home for his and Toothless's freedom. Overwhelmed by the sudden realization Hiccup sat down on the bed. Toothless hurried over and was worried over whatever was going on with his friend and tried to comfort him. Meanwhile Hiccup looked down and stared at the sword. A sword that was meant and passed down to the chief of the isle, and if things had gone according to plan he was supposed to inherit it from his father the day he turned chief. Hiccup never really wanted to be chief when he thought about it. He wasn't like his dad, who was so strong and selfless to put the village's need before his own. He had put him and his dragon's needs before even considering the consequences. So how was he supposed to fill those shoes and be even greater than his father? He couldn't that's why and for the same reasons he was doing this.

"I'm being selfish, aren't I?" Hiccup asked, looking at his dragon. Toothless looked at him with question over what ever was going on with him. "All I wanted was to be free and not be a bother to Berk anymore, but here I am being a bother by stealing and lying over who I am. How horrible and selfish am I being right now?"

Toothless purred sadly and Hiccup caressed the dragon's face.

"I'm not this person Bud and I don't want to be this person anymore," Hiccup confessed. He could feel tears building up in his eyes. He hated it. Stealing for the Berserkers wasn't going to set him free. He knew that now, which was why he was going to do what he should have done a long time ago. "I can't do this. We can't steal from Berk because it is home."

Toothless understood and agreed with Hiccup's decision on not stealing the sword. So he got of the bed and replaced the fake sword with the real one. The guilt lifted and Hiccup knew that his decision might not solve all of his problems right now, but he was going to do the right thing to solve his problems. Not run away from them anymore. And the first thing that needed to resolved was the problem with Berserkers.

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><p>The duo left the bedroom and went down the stairs, but stopped abruptly at the bottom of the stairs. Someone opened the front door and his dad walked in and looked straight at an unknown man with a dragon inside his house.<p>

"WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE?!" his dad bellowed in anger. Then he saw the fake sword tied on Hiccup's back and immediately knew who's sword it belonged to or at least thought it belonged to. His dad's anger quickly changed into pure fury.

Oh no, Hiccup thought. This was very bad. He might have gotten to the decision not to steal, but there was no way he was going to let his dad kill his best friend and brother just because it was the Viking way. Hiccup drew the fake sword and was ready to use it to defend himself and Toothless.

"Toothless go," Hiccup yelled and swung the sword to keep his father distracted from harming the dragon. However his father blocked the attack with the enormous hammer he was so proud of, meanwhile Toothless looked confused and angry over his dad attacking his rider.

"GO!" Hiccup exclaimed. "PLAN ALPHA!"

He and Toothless had made a couple of back-up plans in case they ever was in trouble or was captured by the enemy. Plan Alpha was code for escape and return later to pick him up. Toothless hated that plan the most and was most unwilling to do it, but he knew Hiccup there was a reason for him to command that plan and it was for his own sake to escape the village. Hiccup could handle himself and escape when he got the opportunity to do so. So Toothless ran out the backdoor and Hiccup trusted him to return in a place where he wasn't discovered or the Vikings couldn't get a hold of him.

Hiccup was relieved that his friend got away without argument, however the relief was short-lived as his father began swing his hammer and kept on attacking him. Hiccup somehow managed to block the attacks, but for every swing the power was getting stronger and stronger. And his leg was beginning to slip, making him lose the proper ground to do anything other than to block and if he didn't do anything soon his dad would be able to anticipate his next move, which was bad for him. There was no way Hiccup could win against his father in battle, because his dad was far more experienced and stronger than him. However he had the advantage of being lighter and quicker on his feet. He ran to the side and his dad followed him, but Hiccup used the time his father used to get to him to attack. His dad was taken by surprise of the sudden attack and was barely able to block the attack that was so close to his face. Hiccup didn't waste time and slipped out the front door in full speed.

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><p>He ran and ran down the hill, but it was clear that he brought quite an attention to himself being chased by the chief of the village. The villagers weren't sure what to do or what was going on, but they assumed worst when they saw his dad follow after him. So they pulled out any weapon close by and headed towards him. Meanwhile Hiccup wasn't used to running with his prophetic even more wearing a boot that wasn't his in circumstances like this with him running downhill with enemies everywhere around, not that people of Berk was the enemy, however it might be considered bad if the chief and father was chasing him for what he assumed was theft from Berk. Sure, he could have explained that the sword he had was a fake, but his dad would never listen to him or believe that the sword he was fake and the real was still in his room.<p>

Hiccup began to stumble and losing grip on the ground when he tried to avoid getting attack by the villagers. Unfortunately at the wrong moment he stumbled on a loose stone and fell as long he was on the ground. The villagers didn't waste time in keeping him maintained on the ground. He tried to struggle out of their grip, but many strong hands helped keeping him down until his dad arrived. And when his dad did arrive everyone moved away except for the few who was keeping him down. His dad moved down on the ground and leaned to get a closer look on who was the 'thief', but noticed the mask that was covering his face. Hiccup noticed recognition from his father's eyes, but he

wasn't sure if his dad recognized his son or if it was stranger from the arena. However he assumed it was the latter.

"Friends, we have captured the Viking who has allied himself with the dragons," his dad spoke to the crowd that was surrounding them. Hiccup swallowed with a slight fright and was both disappointed that his dad didn't recognize him and the fact that his dad made it sound like he was a monster for befriending dragons. "And now we shall reveal this devil worshipper and he shall face the consequences for his actions."

Hiccup felt panic when he heard that and tried desperately to get out of the villagers grip, but it was in vain when his dad lifted up the mask. He closed his eyes and accepted that it was time to face one of his problems, even though he had wished this problem were one of the last problems to be solved. Not that he believed that they were going solve a problem by revealing his identity, but he wished that he could have chosen the time to reveal and explain himself instead of being found out like this.

When he heard the people gasp and feet walking slightly away from the sight, Hiccup opened his eyes and gazed at his father with sorry and pitiful eyes. His dad didn't show any emotions on his face, but his eyes betrayed him and showed Hiccup was he had been terrified to see from his father. Disappointment, horror and fury were what his father felt and he was sure that there was nothing he could do to ease the pain.

"Sorry dad," Hiccup whispered regrettably. He wasn't sorry about dragons, but he was sorry for not being the son his father deserved and wanted.

At first no one said anything, but Hiccup looked from the sides of his eyes that they were disgusted and afraid of him. He saw the teens with shocked expressions on their faces, but the one who was most shocked was Astrid. Out of all the teens he expected her to be most disgusted by him, but there was nothing that reflected her feelings. Why did he care anymore? Nobody saw who he really was and when they did they don't except it, so why did he bother to see the rejection they all gave him for being himself.

"Lock him up," his dad said with disdain. It was then he knew for sure that his dad no longer considered him as his son anymore. "We shall punish him for his crimes in a proper manner."

With nothing left to say they pulled him up and dragged him towards the Great Hall. When they reached the Great Hall, they locked him up in the cell in the basement and left him alone.

Hiccup crawled to the warmest place in the cell and held his legs close to his body. His head fell down on the knees and silently cried in the darkness. The only thing he was happy about was that Toothless was safe for now and he didn't regret letting his friend escape. He would figure out how to get out of there, but for now he wanted to let out his feelings that was filled with rejection, hurt, shame and disgust over himself.

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**New chapter, so I hope you like it. Again I'm writing this story a little fast-paced since I don't plan on writing this story very long. I hoped that I managed to grasp Hiccups feelings in this one, but if I didn't well I got some more practice to do. So it will be a while before the next chapter because I'm going to now write the next chapter on the second story I'm focusing on at the moment in order not to get bored and to continue to be motivated to complete the stories. **

Anyway thank you for the reviews, favorite/followings and please continue doing so. It is highly appreciated and of course you can PM me if you like. I answer most of the time very quickly. Okay, until next time...

xXrebelgirl07Xx

8. Who said anything about running?

7) Who said anything about running?

After flying around the isle for the hundredth time, Toothless's worry had escalated to pure fear that something had happened to his rider. It had taken too long for Hiccup to get away from the chief and he was still not anywhere in sight. Something must have happened that had delayed him and some part of him thought that those stupid ignorant Vikings had captured his best friend. His instinct told him that he needed to save Hiccup, but he forced himself to wait. He trusted Hiccup. His human knew what to do in order to escape and knew exactly how to leave without bring too much attention to himself, at least he did other places. This was Berk, so ordinary tactics might work as efficiently as they normally would. Still he decided to wait at least till the morning and if he hadn't shown up by then, there was nothing that was holding him back from retrieving Hiccup. He didn't care about the villagers, but if they had harmed his dear friend then there was nothing holding him back from taking revenge on them for whatever they had done to Hiccup.

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><p>Hiccup wasn't sure what to do now. Of course he needed to break out of this cell and get back to Toothless, but the question was what he was going to do beyond that. His popularity poll is at its bottom at the moment with both his father and the rest of the villagers. And for what reason, because he befriended a dragon and accused of stealing from Berk. They clearly didn't want him around now, just like they didn't want him around back in the day. So why did he even bother to try anymore?<p>

"Hiccup?" a voice said, stopping Hiccup's train of thoughts. He turned to look at his visitor and was surprised to see Astrid standing in front of his cell. He blinked his eyes a few times before he said:

"Astrid? What are you doing here?"

"I could ask the same thing," Astrid said with a shrug. "Why did you

return here after five years? It seems a little odd don't you think, that you wanted to all of a sudden steal from your tribe."

Hiccup didn't say anything, but thought over if he should tell her the truth or not. Dagur hadn't ordered him to keep his plan quiet, but the question was rather if she would believe him or accuse him for being a liar as well as a traitor. The bigger question was why did she care?

"Why do you care about my reasons?" Hiccup growled. "You know that I betrayed our kind and sided with the dragons. Isn't that enough for you? What more can you possibly want to know?"

She looked taken back and took a step away from the cell, he figured she didn't expect this unfriendliness from him. It was interesting how things have changed between the two of them, but she didn't leave as he expected her to. Why would she continue to stay and question his reasons?

"Because it's you," Astrid said lowly, almost whispered. "There is no way you would willingly try and hurt your family and your tribe. Sure, you caused quite a mess back then, but you never tried to do it intentionally. You only wanted to help, which is why I ask you again what are your reasons for doing this?"

"In order to save my best friend's life and give him back his freedom," Hiccup stated bluntly. "I made a deal with a psychopathic man, who wanted the sword for some reason I don't know."

Hiccup began explain the situation with Dagur and the Berserkers and how things had lead him and Toothless back to Berk. The more he told, the more Astrid looked wary about what he was really telling her was the truth. Of course he left out the part that he didn't really steal the sword and what they were really accusing him of was stealing a fake sword, since he could use their ignorance to his advantage when the time was right. Hiccup only sighed when he was done telling his story. It seems that he needed to do more convincing if she wanted to believe in what he was saying.

"Look, if you think I'm lying then you and I both know it is not possible," Hiccup explained. "I stink at lying Astrid, and everybody know its true. You would hear me getting all-nervous and stutter like an idiot. Besides what reason would I have to lie to you? I'm already sure that I'm going to be sentenced to death for my betrayal on my tribe and siding with a dragon."

She nodded and let her guard down, only slightly since she wasn't too sure about him yet despite knowing he was telling her the truth.

"Okay, so are you completely sure that you don't know why the Berserkers wanted the sword?" Astrid asked, moving closer to the cell. Hiccup moved closer to the cell bars, standing right in front of her now. He stared into her heart-striking blue eyes as she stared into his candle-warm eyes. However Astrid noticed that underneath those warm eyes, there was a strong determination and stubbornness similar to her own eyes.

"No," Hiccup answered softly. "However it won't surprise me if the Berserkers was going to use this as an opportunity to take over Berk

and claim it as their own. Remember how deranged Dagur is, and after the last couple of years it is most likely that his deranged and power hungry nature have grown. So if you want my advice, you guys should prepare yourself for an attack from the Berserkers, especially now when they will realize that neither Toothless or I have returned back with the sword."

"How can you be sure?" Astrid said, raising one of her brows in suspicious manner.

"He may be deranged, but he isn't stupid. He would attack when you least expect it."

Astrid seemed to agree with his reasoning, which both surprised and warmed Hiccup, since she was probably one of the last people he expected to believe him. He couldn't help wondering why she of all people saw through his actions and saw the reasons behind it.

"What are we going to?" Astrid said. "We need to tell your dad and everyone what is going on?"

"Right," Hiccup replied sarcastically. "Just go and tell the chief of the tribe that his son, who is a traitor to both his tribe and Viking traditions, told you that Berk is probably going to get attacked by a lunatic tribe. I'm sure he is going to understand."

"So what do you suggest we do?" Astrid asked frustrated. "You want to keep this a secret and let your tribe get in danger."

"What can I do? They wouldn't listen, let alone believe me. So what do you suggest me to do, put a knife to your throat and make them believe in me?" Hiccup exclaimed. "They wouldn't do it, no matter what the reasons behind it. You figure out how to make them listen, but don't involve me in it. They will listen to you if you don't mention my involvement, trust me I should know."

"But—" Astrid tried to argue, but Hiccup had already broken the connection by moving back into the shadows of the cell. He wanted to help, he really did, but there was no way his dad or the villagers were willing to listen and understand what he was saying, no matter how true and dangerous the situation could become. Besides he couldn't solve this problem like they would, knowing that it would only lead to death and destruction of their isle. So in order to save his home and his tribe, he had to do it his way, not the Viking way. Which was why he had already put a plan in motion by warning Astrid about the danger that is about to come. Hopefully it would give him and Toothless enough time in order to make this plan work.

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><p>"Stoick, are you okay?" Gobber asked his friend as they waited for the meeting to begin. Stoick hadn't said one word since the discovery of Hiccup's betrayal and it worried how he was handling this emotionally. Those two might not have had the closest father and son relationship, but Gobber knew that they really cared for one and another. So he couldn't understand what was going on with that lad's head. What could have possessed the boy to go against every Viking tradition, take sides with the dragons and try and steal one of Berk's treasures?<p>

The villagers were thinking the same thing and were whispering between each other about Hiccup's deceit. Of course they would whisper, knowing far too well that their chief would react badly if they ever said something regarding his son no matter how true it was. At least he used to, but right now Gobber was as sure as he would have concerning his apprentice and his best friend.

"No," Stoick said, staring ahead without looking at him or anyone else in particular. It was almost like he was watching into nothingness, the same way he did when he lost Valka those years ago. He guess now he really have lost everything after the mess Hiccup have made this time. He couldn't imagine what Stoick was going through right now. "I'm not okay and I'm not going to be okay until we get this matter solved."

Gobber sighed, knowing that Stoick wasn't going to change his mind once it was set on something, however he wasn't sure whatever was on his mind was the right thing to do. Still Gobber would stand by him, even if it was killing him on the inside thinking about what is going to happen to his dear apprentice.

The meeting started and everyone in the Great Hall was fighting about Hiccup and what his punishments should be. Most of them wanted him punished for death for both his betrayal and attempted theft on one of Berk's treasures. Some actually suggested banishment from the island, but no one seemed to agree about it. Neither Gobber nor Stoick voiced their opinion, but it was more out of respect and love for the lad that Gobber didn't say anything. Stoick on the other hand, Gobber wasn't sure why he didn't say anything, but he hoped that his best friend didn't give up on his son despite his faults and wrongdoings.

Suddenly Astrid appeared out of nowhere and stormed towards him and Stoick with this determined and defiant look on her face, like she was a woman on a mission. When she finally stood in front of the chief, she turned her gaze on him and said:

"We are possibly going to get attacked."

The whole hall went quiet and Astrid got everyone attention by her sudden statement. Stoick kept maintaining his stoic expression, but didn't waste time asking her why she assumed the isle was going to be attacked.

"Because I talked to Hiccup andâ€¦" Astrid tried to explain, but was interrupted by the crowd surrounded her. They could hear harsh words and curses directed towards Hiccup and the fact that Astrid had even talked to the traitor and thief was simply unheard off among Vikings. They never even considered listening to such a person who willingly gave up his family and tribe to be with dragons. However Stoick calmed down everyone by simply staring them down with annoyance and hidden fury. Gobber figured that his friend wanted all the facts before he was going to judge her statement.

"Why would Hiccup tell you that we might get attacked?" Stoick asked. "Unless it him who sends one of those beasts to raid us again."

"NO!" Astrid argued quickly. This surprised Gobber that the lass actually tried to defend Hiccup. He never got the impression that

those two were very close when they were younger, especially not before he left after the Nadder incident. It was strange the way she defended him like they were close friend maybe even more. Sure, the boy had a major crush on her back in the day and it was no secret, but Astrid had never shown any signs she felt the same, let alone that she cared about him as a friend. So why would the Viking prodigy defend the village screw-up?

"He wouldn't do that. He might have caused a lot of trouble five years ago, but he did try to help us despite the fact that he kept on screwing up. Which is why he wouldn't intentionally try and hurt his home and tribe just because his tribe didn't like him."

"Then who is supposedly going to attack our island if it isn't him or the dragons?" Stoick grunted. Gobber could tell that Stoick was getting impatient and wanted to get over with this nonsense and get back to what they were going to do with Hiccup.

"According to him, it is the Berserker tribe," Astrid said determined. "They were the ones who forced him to steal the sword. They wanted him to acquire the sword for them and he wasn't sure why, but he figured that it wasn't good considering that they are all crazy."

"If he thought they were as crazy as he claimed them to be, then why would he agree to do it in the first place?"

However the moment Stoick asked her that question, she became suddenly quiet and didn't say anything else, which only confirmed Stoick's suspicion about Hiccup and his devil companion. That his son had taken a deal in order to save himself and his dragon, and betrayed his tribe and home in order to save his skin.

"Hiccup knew what he was getting into when agreed to take the deal with the Berserkers and what trouble could happen, which is why we will not heed his warning and continue this meeting about his punishments for the crimes he has committed on our soil." Stoick decided and turned to meet the gaze of the rest of the villagers.

"But chiefâ€¦" Astrid tried to argue, but was immediately interrupted when Stoick turned to look at her with impatience and fury.

"Enough!" Stoick bellowed. "We shall not discuss this matter any further for whatever reason you find sensible in this case. Are I'm making myself perfectly clear lass?"

Astrid continued to keep the defiant expression on her face, not wanting to give in to the chief decision regarding Hiccup and the possible threat. However she turned her gaze away and grumbled a short 'yes' and Stoick dismissed her from the meeting. The lass disappeared in the crowd of people and into the shadows, but Gobber noticed that she didn't leave the Great Hall. Instead she went towards the basement and Gobber knew that she was going to see Hiccup again, but he didn't do anything from stopping her since she was probably what he needed right now. A friend.

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><p>On a ship nearby the isle of Berk, the chief of the Berserkers, Dagur the Deranged stood on the front deck gazing at the island. It has already been days since he had sent Hiccup and his dragon to retrieve the sword and has yet to return back with it. That sword was essential piece in his plan to overthrow the Hairy Hooligans and take over their island and make it a part of the Berserker territory. The sword of Berk was a symbol of power for the chieftain; if he possessed the sword he would achieve both power and fear from the Berkians and other tribes. Then he could continue overthrowing other tribes till the Berserkers was only and greatest tribe left. However in order for that plan to work he needed the sword and the only one who could retrieve it without suspicion was that foolish heir of Berk. Of course it had taken him by surprise that Hiccup was no longer a part of the tribe based on his attitude and avoidance of the island. For a moment he wasn't sure if he managed to convince the fool to do it, there was the option to threaten and force him to do it, but Hiccup seemed like the type who would rather die than give in that easily despite his fear of him. But when he managed to capture not only Hiccup and his dragon, it was almost too easy to make him steal the sword. However they were taking too long to retrieve an unguarded sword.<p>

"Any sign of them?" Dagur asked his first in command impatiently. The older man shook his head and told him that they have not seen any sign of the young Viking and the dragon. Dagur began pacing, thinking over what he had to do since he didn't have the sword yet. Dagur figured that the passive method to take over Berk didn't work, so he decided that he was going on the offensive. He began to grin sinisterly, finally he and the rest of his tribe was going to have some fun.

"Gather up the entire armada," Dagur commanded to his crew. "We shall attack Berk and bring the isle to the ground!"

His entire crew yelled out in war cries and they were all riled up to finally achieve their goal in conquering Berk.

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><p>Hiccup wasn't surprised that Astrid's attempt to convince his dad and the rest of the tribe went down the drain, literally he might add. However he reassured her that he appreciated the effort, but there was nothing she could do at the moment. It was nice that someone believed him, even though he had no clue why she believed him or why she was willing to fight his case.<p>

When she left to meet up with the other teens, Hiccup used the opportunity to plan his escape from this disgusting cell that simply smelled like sweat and blood. If there was one thing his dad and the others forgot to retrieve from him before they locked him up, it was the fact they shouldn't have armed prisoners. He still had his equipment and his weapons on his attire, but then again they wouldn't have been aware of since all they saw was just strangeness with him in the first place. However he wasn't going to think about his dad or stinky Vikings instead pulled out a small piece of metal that could fit the locking mechanism on the cell. One of the tricks that he had learned during the last five years was lock picking. Though not exactly an expert on the area, but he was good enough to pick the lock of an old cell like the one he was standing in now. The only thing was that it was going to take some time, but based on his

current situation he didn't have that time. So he had to learn to hurry up picking the lock or else he would be banished or worst executed for his crimes by the time he figured out to get out of his cell.

"You can do this," Hiccup murmured to himself as he put the metal piece in the keyhole. "It was just like that time when you were captured by rough pirates. Of course this time it is a lot easier when your hands and feet are not tied behind your back and on a swinging ship."

He twisted and picked with metal piece, then leaned closer to the lock to listen if he could hear the sound of the cell unlocking. At the first few attempts nothing seemed to have worked, but after a while he heard a small click sound. He pulled out the metal piece and pushed the cell door open.

"Well, that was easy," Hiccup stated as he rose up from the ground and walked carefully out of the cell. He looked around to see if anyone else was in the basement, but the fates seemed to be on his side when he discovered that he was alone. He brushed the dust off his outfit and rechecked his weapons and equipment. Then he looked down on the 'borrowed' boot. There was no way he was going to keep that boot when he was going to escape Berk, especially since it was the cause he was caught in the first place. So he took off the boot and threw it back into the empty cell. Surely Snotlout or Tuffnut would find their missing boot sooner or later, even though he would put his bet on that they would find it much later. He checked if his prophetic had been in anyway damaged because of his fall or misused it by wearing the boot, but nothing seemed to be wrong however he probably should check it later when he had better time to check it out. Now it was time to break out and escape this sturdy island.

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><p>In order to get to the basement you have to open a hatch that is placed on one of the floorboards. And when you get down to the basement there are only jail cells, no windows or secret passage doors that could be used for any escape. So Hiccup's problem was that the only way to get out of the basement was the exact way he and the Vikings had entered earlier, which was in the Great Hall where all the Vikings were gathered to discuss his punishment. Sure, he didn't know if they were still there or not, but he couldn't take any chances that the Great Hall was left abandoned because of what time of the day it was. If he were right, which was most likely in this scenario, the Vikings would stay at the Great Hall until they had reached a decision. So how was he going to get past the entire village without being spotted and put back in the cell he had just escaped from?<p>

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><p>"He should be executed for both of his crimes!" Mildew exclaimed. "He dared to take those beasts' side, betray his own tribe and tried to steal one of Berk treasures. That tells us that he shouldn't be allowed to live if he can kill us if he was only banished and branded as an outcast. He managed to survive the last five years away from the isle, so how isn't he going to be able to survive after the banishment?"<p>

Many of the Vikings murmured and got riled up in Mildew's argument, despite the fact that no one in the village liked or could even stand the old man, but he wasn't wrong about what he said. They had no clue what was going to happen if Hiccup was just banished from the island and if he did chose to attack the island with the help of those devils, they would be vulnerable since he knew exactly how they operated when they fought dragons. He did have dragon training before he left and they all knew Hiccup was a clever lad, he could easily use their faults to his advantage and wipe them all out.

"Enough!" Stoick interrupted the riled up crowd. He knew what they were saying was true, but a small part of him wanted to fight for his son and try to give him a less harsh punishment. However every time he thought this he remembered his son's deceit and that Night Fury, and he would quickly discourage the idea of saving his son. Though he didn't want to admit it out loud, he was actually confused and hurt by Hiccup's actions and just didn't know what to do. He didn't want to kill his son, but if the village decided it he had no choice than to fulfill their request. If it were best for the tribe, then his personal feelings would remain quiet. "If you all get quiet, we shall vote now about the punishments."

Gobber gathered everyone closer to the round table and Stoick began speaking out:

"Everyone, who wants to banish Hiccup raise their hands!"

Only a few hands rose up, but it was certainly not the majority of the village. Stoick felt slightly downdraught, he had really hoped that more people would care about Hiccup enough to spare his life, but he couldn't argue with Mildew's point.

"Alright, everyone who wants to execute Hiccup raise their hands now!"

Over half of the entire village raised their hands and they exclaimed and got riled up about this was the best for the tribe. Stoick sighed and noticed that Gobber looked like someone had broken his heart in two; oddly enough that is how Stoick currently felt about killing his own son. His and Valka's only child and now he had to take that life they had created together. It felt so wrong. How could the gods decided that he was going to both lose his wife and his son just because of those horrible creatures? Did they hate him that much to take away everything he cared about?

Stoick turned his gaze slowly around his people to read their reactions. Some looked uncomfortable while others looked more hurt and angry, but it was one face that caught his attention. The person was standing by the doors where one of them slightly open and looked rather sadden by the decision. That was something he didn't expect from anyone of the villagers other than possibly him, Gobber and Astrid. It was then he realized who exactly was standing there looking straight at him with those forest green eyes similar to his own. Hiccup stood there for a second before he dashed out the door. Stoick blinked his eyes for a couple of moments before he roared and told the crowd that his son had escaped. Then he ran out of the Great Hall after Hiccup.

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><p>No matter how many times he told himself that his punishment wasn't a big shock, Hiccup had been taken back on how many wanted him dead for just being with a dragon. However what had just saddened him the most was the fact that his dad didn't even try to help by lessen the punishment. Sure, he and his dad have never been close. There was no surprise about that, but he hoped that his dad actually cared enough about him to fight for him. Guess he was wrong about his dad after all.<p>

He ran down the hill once again, but this time there was no one stopping him from escaping this place he called home. From a short distance behind him, heavy feet followed after him and were trying to catch up to him. The only advantage he currently had was that he was in the lead, but he wasn't going to be in the lead for long when his dad caught up with him.

"HICCUP!" his dad bellowed after him. "YOU CAN'T RUN FROM THIS?"

Hiccup stopped a small distance from the edge of the island. Then he turned around facing his dad and the rest of the villagers.

"Who said anything about running?" Hiccup grinned at his dad, before he ran straight towards the edge and jumped. His dad and the rest of village gasped in shock and yelled after him, meanwhile Hiccup pulled out his flying suit and soared in the air. He looked back up at the edge he had just jumped off from and noticed both his dad and Gobber was standing there watching him stunned by ability to glide in the air. Hiccup moved his body and began fly circling the isle to find Toothless. He roared his dragon call and it didn't take long before his dragon appeared and moved underneath him, so he could land and steer the dragon. Toothless seemed very pleased to see him and Hiccup was more than happy to see him too.

"It's good to see you too, Bud," Hiccup said while rubbing Toothless left side. "Now's time to straighten up this mess and protect our home."

Toothless agreed and they began to fly away from the isle of Berk. If they were going to save their home from the Berserkers, then they were going to need backup, a lot of backup.

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**Here's your new chapter, so I hope you like it. This story is soon coming towards an end, just a couple of more chapters then this will be my first long written story that is finally completed. So you could say I'm excited for that to happen since I'm very busy with school and writing on my other story. Writing fanfic is kind of like a job without payment, unless you consider acknowledgement as a payment, which I do. **

**Next chapter would probably be here next month, since I will be busy with updating my other story as well as trying to complete a story for a couple of readers of mine who has waited for updates on

my stories which is currently is on hiatus. I feel obliged to give them ****something since I wouldn't update those stories for a long time yet. **

So I thank you for the reviews, favorite and followings, and please continue doing so. Hopefully I can update this story as soon as I can. Until then...

xXrebelgirl07Xx

9. We will fight to protect our home

8) We will fight to protect our home

Stoick and Gobber retreated back to Stoick's house to talk privately while the rest of the village went back to work. It had been quite a shock that his son had been flying in mid-air without that dragon's help. All of Stoick's life he had watched his son grow with making crazy inventions, but this was beyond human thinking to make a flying suit. The odd thing was that he felt both proud and happy about his son accomplishments and that Hiccup was still alive, but another part of him was furious that he had escaped and didn't take responsibility for his actions.

"The lad is certainly something else, isn't he?" Gobber took a closer look at the Sword of Berk that Hiccup had in his possession. Stoick nodded in agreement, but remained quiet. He wasn't sure what he could say, since he knew that he loved his son very much, but he still had to kill him if he ever returned to the island.

"Hmâ€|that's strange," Gobber said and turned the sword look at the other side. He also seemed to take weight of the metal to see if there was a different or something.

"What is so strange?" Stoick turned to look at his friend and saw his expression was filled with suspicion and bewilderment. Stoick wondered what going on with Gobber.

"The sword is feels different than the one you used to bring to me whenever you needed that thing sharpen," Gobber explained. "The metal seems lighter and rarely used in combat."

"That's because I've rarely use the sword at all which explains why it is rarely used."

"But that doesn't explain why it is newly-made."

"What!" Stoick exclaimed. "The sword is ancient, passed down for generations. How is that possible?"

Gobber held out the sword and Stoick took the sword to look at it closer. He couldn't see any difference with the sword other than that it seemed rather new and unused in battle.

"Hiccup must have made a copy of the sword," Gobber concluded. "See how the gold inscriptions is out of place in a few spots. He must have taken my money pouch to make the gold inscriptions since he didn't have any other material to make it seem legit. And look under the handle, there is a small streak of dark ash. He probably marked

it to tell the difference, and if what the lass told us it was to trick Dagur that this was the real sword."

Stoick shook his head in disbelief. He went up the stairs and into his bedchambers to find a sword exactly alike the one Gobber was holding down stairs. He grabbed the sword in his right hand and sauntered down to show Gobber that his theory seemed to be correct at the moment.

However nothing seemed to make any sense to him. The Hairy Hooligans and The Berserkers had a treaty, which stated that neither tribe was to attack each other, but then why would Dagur require the sword unless it was to overthrow them and taking over the isle for himself. And he had tricked Hiccup into do his bidding, but his clever son proved to outsmart both Dagur and himself into believing he was weak and desperate to anything. Even if his initial plan was probably to steal the sword, Hiccup figured out what was right and where his loyalty lied with.

"Do you believe what he told the lass was true? That Dagur might be attacking Berk?" Gobber asked.

"If he is going to go against the treaty, then he probably would plan an attack on Berk as soon as possible," Stoick replied sourly. "He is deranged, I don't think he would plan an attack without the proper resources."

"Stoick, he isn't stupid. You and I know that if he asked Hiccup to help him along then he must have planned this attack for a while now. It wouldn't take long to ensemble an armada," Gobber argued. "And the armada is larger than ours and we will be outnumbered in a matter of days if he decided to attack today."

Stoick was aware of that possibility, but he didn't want to prepare an attack if he wasn't totally sure. Looking away from the fact that Hiccup had told Astrid that Dagur forced him to steal the sword, it didn't mean that there was any truth about Dagur planning to take over Berk.

"Until we get any indication of an attack, we shall stand alert on any suspicious boats on our waters," Stoick said determined, giving Gobber no room to discuss or argue with any further about this subject. All he needed to know was that his son was no thief and that there might be a threat heading towards Berk. He might be angry on his son's betrayal by siding with the dragons, but in his heart there was a small hope on that Hiccup would return back to Berk to face his crimes and possibly help protecting his tribe from the danger that was yet to come.

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><p>Things remained quiet at the isle for the next couple of days. There was no sign of any dragons or any suspicious boats on their coast. Though Stoick and Gobber kept their suspicion between themselves, Astrid noticed an odd tension with her chief and his best friend. She would normally confront them, but after she stood up for Hiccup during the counsel meeting on his punishment for his crimes no one seemed to fond telling her anything relevant to him. Part of her wasn't entirely sure why she trusted him unconditionally, but he was right that he couldn't lie. Hel, he could barely make up a believable

story that was not true whenever he did something wrong and tried to hide it.<p>

"Hey, Astrid," Snotlout tried to capture her attention. She and the rest of the teens were hanging out, since there was not much to do. The twins was fighting yet again on something really stupid while Fishlegs was reading his botany book, murmuring something to himself about certain pollen in flower that grows in the mountain. So she was stuck once again listening to Snotlout idiotic flirting. "Shall I show you my bulging biceps?"

She rolled her eyes and stepped on his feet before stopping away from the group for some solitude.

Astrid found solitude near the edge of the isle, exact spot where Hiccup had jumped off and flew in the air. He had always been an oddball in the village, even in ordinary Viking tradition, but he had grown to accept his difference and embraced it. She couldn't help admire how strong Hiccup had grown the last five years and if she ever wanted to marry any man it had to be someone like him. Her eyes widen by that thought, thinking that she could possibly have crush on Hiccup was ridiculous. She barely knew him and even if she thought highly of him now, it didn't mean she liked him or anything, right? She shook her head and tried to distract herself from these silly thoughts, so she turned to look at the scenery. The blue ocean and the big gray rocks that guarded the isle. It was then she noticed something she found strange. One ship was lying still on the water, almost hidden behind the rocks. The ship's location would normally not be placed in that exact location, she turned to look further into the distance and for a moment she thought she saw ships approaching. It didn't make any sense, the chief didn't mention that any other tribe was coming to visit Berk nor had there been any Berkians taking out ships to go fishing. It was then she took a closer look at the sail of the boats and didn't see the crest of Berk on any of them. Suddenly she felt a bad feeling in her stomach, she knew what was really going on. Hiccup had tried to explain to her that she shouldn't underestimate Dagur and the Berserker, knowing that when Dagur forced him into stealing the sword in exchange for his freedom along with his dragon there might have been an ulterior motive. No one on Berk with the exception of possibly Mildew trusted the Berserker for a second, which is why seeing those ships was alerting her of danger. If the chief weren't going to believe her now then he and the rest of tribe should be damned, then she would handle this on her own.

She ran to the forge, knowing that Gobber and possibly the chief would be there. Her assumption proved to be correct when she found Gobber working by the fireplace while the chief was sitting on a stool, chatting quietly on something totally irrelevant than what they were about to face.

"Chief!" Astrid exclaimed, catching immediately the attention from both the chief and Gobber. They knew her well enough that she would disturb or make noise unless there was a reason behind it. "Ships are approaching the island. And from what I could see they are not here just to stay and chat."

She almost blushed when she realized that she sounded slightly as Hiccup with his sarcastic and humorous remarks on something serious. It was stupid, but brushed her silly thoughts away to focus on the

serious situation that were on their hands.

Gobber and the chief didn't seem to take her information lightly when both of them hurried about of the forge and headed to the edge of the village to view the coming ships.

Astrid followed closely after them, wanting to find out what the chief had planned to do with the situation that Hiccup had warned them about.

The chief remained as stoic as ever, but after moment of silence without moving his eyes away from the ships on the water and said rumbling, "We need to prepare ourselves for an attack. We need to bring the women and children somewhere safe while the rest of us will gather any available weapons we can find in the armory."

"Well, better get started then," Gobber said with joking tone. He hurried back to the forge, probably to make as many weapons he could on the short time. Though she couldn't help wondering if he actually could make that many weapons in such short time period and actually worked in battle.

"What about me, Chief?" Astrid asked, expecting an honest and straightforward command, which she didn't have to feel she had to disobey to do the right thing.

"You and I will go and warn the village of the threat that is coming. Then I want you and the rest of the teens to help the women and children to the caves and keep them safe," the chief answered. However his answer wasn't satisfying to her, considering that she and the teens were warriors and capable to fight along with the rest of the village. So why wouldn't he let them help when he needed all the help he could get for this unprepared attack?

"We can fight as well!" Astrid argued. "We have trained for this for so long and you need help."

The chief looked at her for a second and she almost thought her eyes was deceiving her when she thought his green eyes reflected sincerity and remorse, but those eyes quickly changed to determination and authority. It was strange to see the chief expressing any other emotion than determination and no-nonsense attitude. She couldn't help wondering for that small moment that he was actually thinking about Hiccup, however she was pretty sure if he did then he would definitely not tell it to her.

"This isn't about fighting the Berserkers. Our priority is on protecting our home and keep everyone safe, which I trust that you and the teens are able to do with your best ability."

He had a point, not that she was ever going to admit it to him. If there was one thing you needed to know about Vikings it was that they had stubbornness issues.

So she only nodded in confirmation and hurried off in the direction where she had left the teens earlier. They had definitely their work cut out for them.

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><p>The Berserkers didn't waste time getting on the Hairy Hooligans territory. From what Stoick could gather Dagur had brought the entire armada. If he had to be logical about their current situation, then he knew as well as Dagur knew that Berk was outnumbered and didn't really stand a chance in winning this attack.<p>

However that didn't stop him and the rest of the village from attacking the Berserkers the moment they stepped into the village. The sounds of war cries and weapons cling against each other were exhilarating. It have been a long time since they fought anyone besides dragons, but Stoick was more furious over that the Berserkers attacked Berk despite their treaty, and there was also the fact that Hiccup had been right by his assumption that made his feel guilty for not listening to his son for once in his life.

Stoick slammed his hammer into another Berserker and turned to look around to see how they were holding up. Gobber was using his prophetic hand, which was currently in form as a sword, and looked like he was having the time of his life beating the crap out of these men despite being slightly nervous about this attack earlier. However Gobber was right about being nervous over the attack, since no matter how many Berserkers they defeated more appeared due to the entire armada on the water interfered if there was a slight change that could go in Berk's favor. He was so fixated on his surrounding that he wasn't aware of Dagur sneaking up from behind him. Dagur attempted stabbed him in the back with his sword, ironically which is what he did in the first place, Stoick caught him from the side of his eye, but knew there wasn't time to prevent the attack in time. He was almost tempted to close his eyes and accept that he was going to die earlier than he had expected and get killed by a deranged Viking no less. However if he was going to die then he wanted to die with his dignity in tact, so he was confused when the attack didn't happened. Instead something pierced through the wind in great speed and knocked Dagur's sword out of his hands. It was a sword that was burning like a fire torch. Both Dagur and his eyes looked shocked over this strange weapon, but only Stoick had seen this sword before. He turned to see where the sword had appeared from and was even more shocked to see Hiccup on the back of a Night Fury. What was probably more shocking was that Hiccup had brought an entire army of dragons with him.

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><p>"Mind if we join the party?" Hiccup grinned as he and Toothless landed on the ground. He and Toothless had gathered the other dragons to help out Berk, some of the dragons helped down at the village while others began attacking the ships. The plan was originally that he and Toothless was going to do air support, but when he saw Dagur about to stab his dad that plan went straight down the drain. He activated Inferno and threw it straight at Dagur, making him lose his grip on the sword. His precision was remarkable and definitely caught his dad and Dagur by surprise.<p>

Hiccup leaped back to retrieve his sword while Toothless watched his back by kicking and throwing anyone that approached them with his tail. The Hairy Hooligans were shocked to see dragons helping them, but didn't question it since they had their hands full. The Berserkers on the other hand was terrified over their odds were no longer in their favor, but most of all Dagur was furious over this sudden change in battle.

"How dare you, Hiccup!" Dagur exclaimed in fury. "You refused to do what I asked for and you escape along with that beast, only to return to save your village that sees you as useless and a traitor."

Hiccup didn't get time to reply to Dagur's accusation when the deranged leader grabbed his sword and attacked him. Luckily Hiccup managed to block the attack, though it was not as strong as his father, it came fast right at him and a lot stronger than he could manage. Toothless growled over the attack and prepared himself in shooting a plasma blast, but Hiccup shook his head at his dragon companion. He pushed Dagur away and Toothless tried to fire the plasma blast when Hiccup told him no. The dragon was confused that his human friend asked him not to attack the man who was the main cause of this mess, but Hiccup was stubbornly determined about his dragon not attacking.

"You ask me why I returned?" Hiccup said calmly. He looked at Dagur with a calm and determined expression on his face as he moved closer towards the leader that was staring at him with fury and disgust. "It is simple, you and your tribe attacked a tribe that you were in a treaty with in order to overthrow them and take over. You didn't just attack my tribe and my family. You attacked my home and we will fight to protect our home, even if they don't want our help."

He didn't expect Dagur would understand what he was saying, because he assumed that he overthrew his father Oswald the Agreeable in order to become chief of the Berserker tribe. However he certainly didn't expect that Dagur would react by taking his sword and tried to throw it straight at him. Hiccup remained frozen on the spot, so he didn't do anything to defend himself from the attack. But it turned out he didn't have to when his dad stood in front of him and used his hammer to stop the attack.

"I won't let you hurt my son!" his dad said with the same fury as Dagur had used, but the only difference was that his dad said it out of love and protection instead of disgust. This actually shocked Hiccup that his dad was protecting him even after everything he had done, putting his tribe in danger and gone against every Viking tradition by befriending a dragon.

"Dad?" Hiccup said unsure who to react to his father's protection. His dad didn't take his eyes away from Dagur, but he said with this soft tone that he only heard a few times when he was younger, "Go and protect our home. I will deal with this one."

Hiccup wanted to argue, but Toothless's snout pressed against his knee told him that he should argue about it. Hiccup climbed onto his dragon's back and they took off, leaving the two-tribe leaders to settle this battle between themselves.

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><p>The dragons seemed to have everything under control in Hiccup's opinion and were actually proud seeing dragons and Vikings fighting together instead against one and another. Most of the ships from Berserker's armada were in flames and most of the Vikings were helpless, as they could not swim back to the shore due to the long distance and also the fact that they were defenseless against both attacks from the dragons and the Vikings.<p>

Hiccup and Toothless went back to their original plan as air support while he let the Vikings do the Viking way of settling a battle. This time however Hiccup allowed his dragon to shoot plasma blasts, but warned him to avoid hurting his tribe. As they helped along he noticed that Astrid was fighting with a strong hold, but when he noticed that one of their enemies tried to sneak attack her he jumped on it. He asked Toothless to shoot while he took the chance in steering the dragon towards the ground and grabbed Astrid by the waist and onto Toothless's back. And let's just say she was freaking out being suddenly lifted from the ground and flying in midair on a dragon.

"H-Hiccup?" Astrid screamed. "What are you doing here? Why are we flying?"

"Well, my lady," Hiccup said with a smirk on his face. He knew he wasn't supposed to be enjoying her surprise and fright over flying on a dragon, but it was funny watching the normally composed Astrid freaking out. "We are here to settle this war and protect our home. And as for the flying part meet Toothless."

"Toothless?" Astrid looked down to see the Night Fury taking a side-glance on her before concentrating on what was in front of him. However if you looked closer you could see a dragon, who was annoyed getting uninvited passengers on his back. Oddly enough Astrid caught on quick that the dragon didn't like her very much, especially when said dragon began spinning and twirling around in midair before leaping straight into the battlefield. Astrid screamed and clutched herself tight against waist in order not to fall off and die a painful death. "Please get me off this thing!"

"Toothless, what are you doing?" Hiccup asked in panic. "Now is not the time to be messing around. We need her."

Toothless didn't listen and continued trying to shake the Viking girl off his back at the same time shaking every Viking in his way with his tail. Hiccup tried to control the movements, but his dragon wasn't having it. Toothless was angry at both tribes for hurting Hiccup and he was giving him up to her or any of the other human unless she begged for mercy.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Astrid chanted over and over again. She was terrified and all she wanted to get off. "Please."

Toothless accepted her apology and gracefully leaped up to the sky, however this time was slower and gentler in his movements. Hiccup and Astrid relaxed and let out their breath which neither of them had been aware they been holding. The two humans didn't say anything, but they both were slightly embarrassed over what had just occurred with her holding him close.

"O-okay," Hiccup stuttered, pulling a nervous hand through his hair. "We better get back in the you-know saving Berk business."

Astrid nodded and they flew over the village to get an overlook of the situation. Most of the Berserkers were retreating back to the last remaining ships that was left standing and some was either wounded or dead, which saddened Hiccup that so many got involved in the mess he was part in creating. Gobber and the rest of the

villagers were doing quite well for themselves with a few injuries. His dad on the other hand was having some trouble with Dagur.

Dagur was going crazy, swinging his sword aimlessly and coming at his dad in an incredible speed. And even though his dad could probably defeat anyone at least in his mind, he couldn't match up to his speed and there was no element of surprise. His dad might not stand a chance, unless he did something unexpected.

"Astrid, fly Toothless," Hiccup asked. He began detaching himself from the flying gear meanwhile Astrid looked flustered about Hiccup's request.

"I can't," Astrid admitted. "I have no idea how I'm supposed to fly him."

"It is not that hard. You only need to hold on and just trust him and you two will be fine," Hiccup reassured her. "I need to help my dad."

Then he asked Toothless to keep Astrid safe before he jumped off the dragon and released the flying suit. He glided down on the ground, retracted the suit before he moved to his dad's side, hoping that he could reach him in time.

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><p>If he ever considered Dagur the Deranged human, then this current situation only proved that the Berserker leader was absolutely obsessed with winning this war and was willing to do anything in order to do it, even kill people in cold blood. Stoick has never liked Dagur, but now he despised him for everything he has done and more. So when Dagur swung his sword straight at him, Stoick countered it with his hammer. It was then a surprise attack was launched by Hiccup with his flaming sword. Dagur stumbled back by the sudden attack and fell on the ground. However he only sneered when both Stoick and Hiccup now overpowered him, leaving him outnumbered. Stoick moved closer and put his hammer in front of this downed tribe leader.<p>

"Give up," Stoick said dangerously calm. "I promise that I shall give you a suitable punishment for breaking the treaty and attacking our tribe."

Both Stoick and Dagur knew that by suitable punishment it really meant death, but Stoick didn't want Hiccup to know the exact meaning behind the punishment. Still he knew that Hiccup wasn't stupid, so it wouldn't surprise him if Hiccup disagreed with this notion. However Dagur only laughed at him with this sinister laugh, sounding like he had completely lost his mind. Stoick glared at him in annoyance, he didn't like to be taken as a joke, so when this lunatic guy was laughing at him like he thought he was going to get out of this alive.

"What is so funny?" Stoick asked with annoyance. "You think death is funny?"

"If I die then I shall take what is important to you along with me," Dagur said deadly serious after he finally stopped laughing. "Just so you will remember what it really means to ruin my plan."

Stoick wasn't sure what he was blabbing about, only assuming that it was a dead man talking nonsense. However when Gobber and some of the other villagers appeared and took Dagur to the prison cell, when the sound of someone falling down to the ground came from behind him. Stoick turned around to see Hiccup down on his knees, holding his hands on the abdomen. What caught Stoick's attention was the blood on his son's hands and the pained expression. Then he looked who was behind Hiccup and saw one of Berserkers, deeply wounded, grinning evilly over what he had just accomplished before his death welcomed him.

Stoick wasn't at first sure how to react to what was really happening, but when he looked at his son once again he stumbled to reach his son.

"HICCUP!"

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**So this chapter was really fast paced, because I want this story complete and now I have to write the last chapter/epilogue and then I'm officially done. So I hope you guys like it. I know the battle scene in the story is not very well written, but I was both in a hurry and the fact that I don't have much experience writing such scenes. **

**In my story I mention Hel, and according to Norse mythology is the ruler of Hel, meaning the underworld. Just to clear up the confusion for those of you who don't know much about Norse mythology or really don't care. **

**Anyway review, favorite or follow, and I hope to be done with the last chapter at the end of this week. So the waiting time is over and we will have a complete story. And this will be my first what I would consider a full-length story. That is written over 30K words. So until next time, some day soon...

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xXrebelgirl07Xx

10. Epilogue

Epilogue

Hiccup couldn't think. His mind was spinning and unfocused, like there was nothing that could take away his attention from the wound. The sensation from the wound was incredible cold and wet. And even though he had been wounded before, this was the first time he ever gotten hurt somewhere it was highly possible that he wouldn't survive from. It felt strange knowing that he might not be able to survive this. Then Toothless came to his mind. What was going to happen to his dragon if he died? Toothless wouldn't fly without him, even if he could fly on his own now, but out of respect and love for him the

dragon would never fly again if he wasn't there. Just like Gobber once said during dragon training 'a downed dragon is a dead dragon'. What was going to happen now?

His knees fell on the ground and he could hear someone call out his name, but due to his shock he couldn't register what was going on around him. The only thing he could think of doing was closing his eyes and accepts the darkness that began surrounding him, so he did just exactly that.

The minute he saw Hiccup going down, Toothless leaped immediately down to the ground and hurried to the young man's side. When he reached Hiccup's side he opened one wing and covered them both. However the meathead that Hiccup called a father approached him and tried to separate them, the dragon snapped. He wasn't going to leave his side and he wasn't going to let anyone take Hiccup away from him again. So he growled at the large Viking, telling to stay away, but the man wasn't going to let the dragon scare him off.

"Listen to me beast," the Viking said. He sounded both annoyed and worried. Annoyed at the dragon for not letting him get closer to his son while worried about his son well being. Toothless didn't like to be called a beast, so he continued growling at him. "I need to take him to see a healer if we are going to get a chance in saving his life."

Toothless continued staring at the large man, trying to find a reason to refuse his request, but it seemed like the man was relentless and wasn't going to leave without Hiccup. So he carefully revealed Hiccup's body from his wing's safety. The man leaned carefully closer to gather Hiccup in his arms, but his eyes never left the dragon. When Hiccup's body was in the man's meaty arms the man began walking away. Toothless followed right behind him, not leaving Hiccup's sight.

They walked up the hill and headed over to a house that overlooked the village, but in contrast of Hiccup's childhood home this place was decorated with plants and odd trinkets. Toothless began to question if it had been such a good idea to let Hiccup's father to bring him to this weird place. He got even more suspicious when a very short old woman appeared when Hiccup's father knocked on the door. The woman didn't say anything instead stepped aside and let him in, however when Toothless attempted to enter as well he was denied.

"No, you need to stay outside while Gothi examine Hiccup," Hiccup's father growled at him. Toothless growled back and tried to move past the large man, but the man only blocked him from moving further. "You can see him once she stitched him up and his condition is stable, but until then you need to stay right here and wait. Understood!"

Hiccup's father wasn't willing to have an argument with the dragon, so Toothless snarled in defeat at the man and lied down in front of the door. If he weren't going to be allowed to be by his friend's side then he would stay as close as he could get and no one was going to make him go away unless it was Hiccup.

* * *

><p>For the next three days Stoick switched between taking care of the village and visit Hiccup at Gothi's house. The old woman refused to let neither him nor the dragon see Hiccup until he was fully healed. Of course she didn't say the exact words, but whenever he or the dragon tried to enter she would hit them on the head with her staff until they left. It was surprising that the dragon actually listened, even more that the dragon remained passive and obedient lying in front of the door.<p>

Stoick shook his head by the thought of the Night Fury who was patiently waiting for Hiccup's return. Instead he chose to focus on the matter about the rest of the dragons that had helped during the battle. Honestly, it took him by surprise that the dragons didn't attack them once the Berserkers left the isle, but it took even more surprise when the dragons found resting place on Gothi's property like they were worried about his son like the Night Fury was. They had a loyalty to his son, which was so similar to the loyalty to what Vikings had for their tribe. Was it possible this is what Hiccup and Valka saw in the dragons?

When the villagers asked him what they were going to do with the dragons and about Hiccup, he wasn't completely sure what to do, however he believed that he had to talk with Hiccup about it. They had a lot to talk about and one of the things they had to talk about was what really happened five years ago to make him run. He figured out that his son ran because of the dragon, but that didn't explain everything.

On the fourth day Stoick walked up to Gothi's house and found the door unguarded by the Night Fury. Worry started to appear on Stoick's face and hurried inside Gothi's home, fearing to find the bed his son had been occupying for the last three days empty. However instead he found his son lying there awake and smiling while petting the large dragon like he was a house pet. He couldn't think of a time when Hiccup actually smiled without being odd or sarcastic about it. Maybe it was possible that this dragon understood and made his son happier than what he used to be when he lived here?

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><p>Hiccup turned and noticed his dad standing, looking at him and Toothless interacting with each other. He found it strange to see his dad who is normally stoical and calm person actually looked like baffled by something. At least he wasn't looking at hi with eyes of betrayal like the last time he really had contact with him before the battle happened.<p>

"Dad?" Hiccup said carefully, not really sure how he was supposed to interact with his dad especially when neither of them had ever been good interacting with each other in the first place.

"Hello Hiccup," Stoick said. "How are you feeling?"

"Umâ€|alright I guess," Hiccup answered, while he pulled one hand through his hands. "I mean I'm better than what I used to be, not like before I lost my leg, but like I was before the battle started."

He knew that he was babbling and it was no question about it, but he was nervous and slightly scared about his dad and him talking like

normal father and son. His dad looked for once patient with him, which took him by surprise. Normally he would see the disappointed scowl considering there was something abnormal with having a dragon next to him.

"We need to talk," Stoick said bluntly. And then the patience ran out, Hiccup thought to himself. Still he knew that they needed to talk, even if he was sure his dad wasn't going to like everything he was going to tell him. "I need to know what exactly happened five years ago when you left and everything that has happened that led to this."

"Yeah, you are right," Hiccup sighed. He looked at Toothless for a second, reassuring him that everything was going to be fine before he began telling his father the entire story. Over the course of time he used retelling his dad the story about Toothless and him, he noticed that his dad remained quiet and kept his normal stoic demeanor, so Hiccup had no clue what was going through his dad's mind. When he was finally done with the story he waited for his dad's reaction. And for a while it looked like his dad was analyzing the story to see if there was any deceit or lie about it. However his face turned gentler and Hiccup guessed his dad finally made up his mind.

"I can understand your decision to leave, but you should have talked to me," his dad said gently as well slightly annoyed. Toothless snarled at him, but Hiccup quickly calmed him down. He didn't want his best friend to hurt his dad or his dad hurt his best friend, so for both of their sakes he would remain the peaceful bridge between them.

"You never listen to me and be honest with me dad, you wouldn't exactly listen let alone understand why I befriended a dragon," Hiccup replied. "And also I didn't want to put you in the position where you had to choose your chieftain duties and your fatherly duties. However it didn't seem like you had any problems doing so when you discovered who I really was."

"Alright I see your point," his dad admitted. "But Hiccup the situation was out of my control. I know I did my mistakes when it came to you and I can only hope someday we have a better relationship."

"So what is going to happen now?" Hiccup asked. "Are you going to kill me for betraying our tribe and everything else?"

His dad didn't say anything for a second, thinking over the options that was lying there in front of them.

"Despite your actions that led to this battle, it was your actions and decisions that helped us in the time of need. So it would be wrong to kill you. However neither the tribe or myself are going to allow you to go free, so you are going to work to earn your place back here on the isle," his dad concluded.

"What did you have in mind?" Hiccup wondered, looking at Toothless again. Toothless gave him a nudge with his snout like he was telling him that he wasn't alone and they were in this together, just like they had always been together through the good and the bad times.

"I have seen how loyal and gentle these dragons are with you and I

believe it is time to change and we need your help to do it. I want you to teach us about these dragons and show us how they really through your eyes," his dad explained cautiously. "If you are willing to do that of course."

Hiccup thought over the offer. It was his dream that humans and dragons lived side by side without conflict with each other, and right now his dad was offering to make his dream come true.

"And the villagers are willing to do it?" Hiccup asked. "Because I wouldn't do it unless everyone is willing to actually befriend dragons. So if that is the case what else do you suggest?"

"Banishment for a year, maybe longer," his dad said simply. "However they have seen how the dragons are when we leave them alone. So they are willing to try, especially when they saw the relationship between you and the Night Fury."

"His name is Toothless," Hiccup said. Stoick looked at him like he expected that the dragon's name was a joke. When he saw Hiccup was kidding, Hiccup continued talking. "And we would love to do it, because this is our home and we don't want to fly aimlessly anymore. However what I ask for in return that you and everyone will respect our need to fly outside Berk borders without your supervision. I'm old enough to take care of myself, but know that I will always need my dad."

His dad responded by giving him a bear hug that has been prolonged for some time now. He returned the hug with gentleness. He knew that their problems wouldn't be solved overnight and the villagers weren't going to be easy to teach about dragons that went against their traditions. However he believed that with Toothless on his side, they could do almost anything as long they had each other. Friendship comes in different shapes and forms, but true friendship could make impossible things possible.

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**That's the end. I know the ending was cheesy, but I needed to end the story somehow so this is it. So I hope you guys like it, so please review, favorite or follow this story. If you guys are interested in my other stories check out my personal profile. My stories consists fanfics from these categories: **

** - Divergent Trilogy**

** - How To Train Your Dragon (This one is the only story I have written for this category)**

** - Darkest Powers Trilogy **

** - Thunderbirds**

** - Frozen (Also just written one story for this category)**

**** - Kaleido Star (The same as the statement above) ****

**** Anyway I'm not sure if I'm going to write more stories for HTTYD, but if I do I hope you will continue doing so. So thank you for the support and I appreciate it very much. ****

**** xXrebelgirl07Xx ****

End
file.